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CREED AND GREED.

EIGHT LECTURES

BY

Rev. DUDLEY WARD RHODES,

Rector of the Church of Our Saviour,

MOUNT AUBURN, CINCINNATI.

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON."

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DEDICATION.

I LAY THIS LITTLE BOOK AT THE FEET OF MY MOTHER WITH AN HUMBLE AND REVERENT LOVE. NO HONOR THAT MEN CAN GIVE IT, CAN EQUAL THAT WITH WHICH I CROWN IT BY PUTTING HER NAME THUS UPON ITS FOREHEAD.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE lectures now offered to the public were delivered during the regular winter's work of 1878–79. They were suggested by the things which I saw and heard in mingling with many men of many thoughts. Believing that the pulpit has a mighty work to do in pointing out the rough spots over which so many fellow mortals struggle through all their bitter life, that it has a mighty work to do in rebuking vice, not only in its generic forms, but in its specific manifestations, that its grandest success to-day would be in making all men know that Christianity is something far more than a bundle of dogmas or a logical system, that it is a living power, a *life* itself, I wrote these lectures to awaken the consciences of professing Christians to a sense of their responsibility to their fellow men and their God. Any-one who has read much of the history of preaching, cannot but be struck with astonishment and with regret at the tremendous change in the matter and manner of preaching from the days of Latimer and Fisher to those of Porteus. The intense fire, the personal application, the nervous directness, the splendid consciousness of a divine message which make Latimer's sermons as powerful now as they ever were, are illy compensated by the eloquent language, the polished rhetoric, the splendid arguments of later divines. The greatest blow ever struck at the influence of the pulpit, was not from the hands of its enemies. It was struck by

one who held its highest honors, when Tillotson taught men to read sermons instead of preaching them.

The work which he and the other great divines of the eighteenth century did by their contributions to systematic theology was great, was marvellous. Their sermons will stand forever among the irrefragable evidences of Christianity. But in our day, and especially in our country, the urgent demand is upon us to throw away the methods of two centuries ago, and speak to men face to face, soul to soul, upon the very fundamentals of righteousness, soberness, and judgment to come. The church cannot stand upon fine essays on Evolution and Protoplasm, she cannot draw worshippers to long and elaborate arguments on Resurrection and Predestination. But she can make herself a vital power by making all men know how deeply she sympathizes with the suffering, and how much she shrinks from every form of dishonesty and malice and corruption, and by pleading with them and for them as a mother pleads for her son. One bad Christian makes more infidels than a dozen syllogisms. Impressed with these thoughts, I prepared these lectures on especial forms of misery and crime, and delivered them with the firm conviction that there is a legitimate and binding demand on the pulpit to call attention to great social disorders and official frauds and mercantile dishonesty, so long as it is notorious that Christian men are implicated in them. What I have said, may in some instances seem harsh, but one must strike hard to make any impression, and I am glad to know that in no case have I ever been accused of distorting or exaggerating the facts on which the lectures were based.

Those facts were gathered by patient, personal investigation, and were tested by every possible means. If the number of letters received by the author in any way evinces

the public appreciation of his work, it is certain the teaching in them has not been in vain.

This introduction, hardly necessary at all, cannot be closed without an expression of thanks for the great assistance afforded by the Health Officer, Dr. Minor; by the Auditor, Mr. Capellar; by the Grocers' Exchange; Consolidated Railroad officers; City Solicitor, Mr. Bates; the Police Judge, Wilson, and by many other gentlemen of influence and information.

Whatever has been said has been without malice and with no other motive than to advance the cause of Christ and humanity. The lectures are published exactly as they were delivered.

Rectory, Church of Our Saviour,
Mt. Auburn, September 9, 1879.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
I.	THE STORY OF THE TRADESMENS' BOOKS, ...	1
II.	FOOD CORRUPTERS, . . .	23
III.	THE STORY OF THE AUDITOR'S BOOKS, ...	45
IV.	STREET CAR LIFE IN CINCINNATI,	66
V.	THE BETRAYAL OF A CITY, .	91
VI.	THE CURSE OF TENEMENT HOUSES,	116
VII.	CHURCH AND THEATER, .	142
VIII.	COMMON SENSE IN FUNERALS,	161

THE STORY

—OF—

THE TRADESMEN'S BOOKS.

There is probably no one problem which is so troublesome to many people as that one which Thackeray undertook to solve—how to live handsomely on nothing a year. The man who has no income, nor any prospect of any, must live by his wit and by the absence of it in others. He must eat, he won't work, he can't dig, and his life becomes one long foraging campaign, a constant struggle to secure enough credit for the day's wants. The last ten years have shown the colossal proportions of our social shams. They have demonstrated how possible it is to be strong and rich in appearance, and weak and poverty-stricken in reality. Great commercial houses, seemingly built on a rock, have been blown over by a breeze and found to be rotten through and through. Men whose credit enabled them, to borrow millions, are found out, and known to have been so moneyless that they

had to borrow the revenue stamp which the transaction required. We have lived in a highly inflated age, when every one has been straining every nerve to keep up old positions with reduced incomes, and the result has necessarily been to increase fraud and bring in a deluge of insincerity and thievery.

A man who, five years ago, had an income of $4,000, and lived at that rate, now, has $2,000, and is not willing to reduce his expenses and his style of living. He can't stretch his income, so he supplements it by a temporary use of funds in his hands, by a speculation with trust funds, by some ingenious mortgage subterfuge, or by a system of small debts.

I have nothing to do just at this time with any of these especial forms of dishonesty, except the last. I am to bring before you some facts as to the way in which respectable people, church members as well as others, manage to get along by a system of petty pilfering, using their family name and position to empty the shelves of the groceries without materially increasing the money in the till. I have no doubt that there will be some good people who will be shocked that the pulpit should be degraded as they say to a merely moral engine, and that a discourse

on such a duty as paying grocers' bills should take up the time of a sermon, but I am getting more of the opinion every day that a little morality all by itself is not going to hurt the religion which the pulpit preaches at other times. After the lecture of two weeks ago, to-night, on Street Car Life, I understand some one said it was very good, but that there wasn't a word of God or Christ in it. Well, there wasn't much of either in the subject. But I still think there was a vast amount of the spirit of God and of Christ in the lecture, whether the names occurred there or not. So long as people estimate a sermon by the number of holy words which it contains, and not by the spirit and purpose and effect of it, the pulpit will be kept down to a mere droning of Pater Nosters, or rehearsal of the sacred genealogies. Undoubtedly the great purpose of the pulpit is to preach redemption through Christ, to save men from their sins, and to fit them for another life. But what is to be done if after preaching these great truths, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, it becomes apparent that many men think themselves redeemed and fitted for another life, and yet haven't got enough grace to live an honest life and pay an honest debt ?

What is the use of urging men to pay God what they owe Him, while they are constantly owing more and more to trades-people whom they hardly expect to pay ? Let us take a new start. Begin again. Bring God and Christ into the pages of our tradesmen's pass books, and see how much better Christians we can be when we have a pigeon-hole full of receipted bills. There is a great deal more Gospel in a receipt than some people think. It at least is the evidence of a religion which is based on a pure morality and the Golden Rule, and that kind of evidence which carries conviction most rapidly to the world outside the church.

Now, what are the facts on this subject? What particular story do the tradesmen's books tell ?

1. That there is a very large class of people who go from store to store defrauding each in turn, and staying at each just as long as they can obtain credit. It is a stupendous revelation that is made by a couple of hours' study of the suspended accounts at the Grocers' Exchange. The accounts owing are not so remarkable as the number of places where some of the debtors owe them. Sit down before the great folio where these accounts are, and as you turn page

after page you will see some pictures of humanity. It is a rare collection. Take some one name out of the ten thousand that are there, and just run down the page, and you will find it so often that it would seem the man had nothing to do but open accounts and forget to close them. Like the provident bee he passed from flower to flower and gathered some honey everywhere. As there are thirteen hundred groceries in the city, a man of fair appearance and good address may make a pretty extensive account before he is entirely without credit. And then the amount accumulates so slowly, by such small sums, that there is no perceptible break between an insignificant bill and a large one. Every day there are promises to pay, and the grocer who is anxious to get what is due him doesn't care to refuse a little more, and after all, the man may be a good customer, and mustn't be thrown away, and so the account swells until there is a peremptory demand, an indignant and majestic reply from the customer, that "he won't deal with a man who can't trust him," the customer hunts up another grocery, and his unpaid bill is posted upon the suspended account, and isn't lonely very long, because a whole troop of brothers and sisters soon join it from different

parts of the city. There are large and expensive families of bills there, of all ages and sizes, recognizing the same parent, who, however, never sees them and is entirely neglectful of them. There is no room to doubt that these people, most of them, intended to defraud their dealers. Nothing is credited to them at any place, and a new account is opened just as an old one is suspended.

Before the formation of the Exchange, the grocers were almost helpless. They had no means of determining the character of an applicant for credit. Of course they might inquire as to his means, but they couldn't know what was far more important, his willingness to pay. But when they found how large a number they were mutually supporting, they combined against the spoilers and instituted a central Exchange where the suspended accounts of all were kept, and when any man asked for credit from any house in the association, the list was inspected, and if his name occurred in it, he was blandly refused credit until he had paid former accounts. This has, of course, prevented a considerable amount of chicanery, but still the list grows, because it is constantly receiving the names of men whose credit has heretofore been good.

2. The second consideration from this list arises from the class of people whose names are found there. These are not the poor and laboring classes exclusively, nor mostly. The mind that joins debt with poverty is not in correct working order. The men who earn $2 a day are generally the ones who pay their bills and whose names are not found on the Index Expurgatorius at the exchange. While we find some policemen, mechanics and laborers, they are not the principal ones, nor the heaviest debtors, nor the most *diffused* debtors if I may use that word. It is the better class of society, lawyers, doctors, bankers, editors, business men, legislators and people of wealth and pecuniary ability, who make up the bulk of indebtedness. They are people who are living well, and holding positions in society, and dressing handsomely, and giving entertainments, and buying season tickets to the opera, and putting their names on subscription papers for some æsthetic or reformatory scheme. They are people around whose doors carriages gather in the evening, bringing guests to enjoy their lavish hospitality. They are people from whose door the same guests go away telling of the splendor and luxury there. Now, if those guests only knew it, that entertainment was fur-

nished by half a dozen trades-people, and when they go to make their social call, the proper place would be at the grocery, where the real giver of the feast is figuring up how much it cost him. He pays for it. Now, put this fact into common English, and what is it but a plain piece of rascality? Suppose any one of us should walk into a grocery, take up a handful of sugar, fill a pocket with tea, another with coffee, &c., it wouldn't be long before we should be hustled out of the shop, and our failing advertised in the community. But if the thing is done on a grander scale, and in a more magnificent style—if one drives up in a carriage, calls the dealer out, finds fault with some recent goods, orders a pouch of coffee or barrel of sugar, and has them sent home at the tradesman's expense, then when the bill isn't paid it is a case of genteel embarrassment.

We have arrived at a new terminology and denounce the man who takes little as a thief, but he who steals by wholesale is unfortunately embarrassed.

When Jean Valjean crushes the thin glass window, between his hunger and the baker's bread, he must go to the galleys—he is a thief; but large crimes gild themselves, and their per-

petrators have genius, are smart. And yet the words at the head of this lecture expresses the sentiment which all men feel, that a man who steals when he is starving, is not so despicable as he who steals when he is living in luxury. For these well-to-do sharpers who infest society and support themselves upon the credulity and good nature and respect of their tradesmen, these people who use their position as a club to knock down the fruit which they couldn't secure otherwise, are infinitely meaner in their contemptous arrogance, and their lofty pride than the subservient and cringing beggar, who asks a crust. Which of them all on that list would ask his tradesman home to dine with him? Which of them wouldn't be indignant if asked to eat dinner at the grocer's instead of having it sent to his own house? Which one of them would be happy to hear his creditor say: "I know you're poor, and haven't anything to pay, let me send this bacon out to your carriage; I want to help the poor this bitter weather?" That bacon wouldn't go out of the shop. It would be indignantly rejected, and yet the poor grocer takes down the order for expensive game, imported fruits, rare preserves, the best things he has in stock, and the man who

orders them has no more idea of paying for them than he has of eating charity bacon. But he preserves his sense of superiority; he is a gentleman dealing with tradesmen. He feels pretty safe about any publicity in the matter. So long as he is generally known to be a man of means, the tradesmen will not do more than privately and respectfully ask for payment now and then. The amount at stake is too large and the prospective custom too important to risk by any public offense.

The interests of both parties agree for a good while to keep the matter silent. It it were a five-dollar draft left for collection at a bank, the man's good name wouldn't permit it to go to protest, but a hundred or two hundred dollars on a grocer's books, may stand any length of time. But then, you say, after all there must come a day of settlement, a lawsuit, or even the threat of one will bring the money. So I supposed and pointed out half a dozen cases where I thought the money might be recovered. But we live in a marvellous age. The fluctuations of fortune are so great that a man is rich and poor at the same time. When money is due from real estate, or any kind of property, he owns it and receives the money. When any

money is due upon debts contracted by him, the property is not his, and he has no assets. He leads a kaleidoscopic existence, flashing back and forth from wealth to poverty. He is always rich except when money is wanted from him, and then when the law inquires, the answer comes back—no assets.

He is a bewildering creature. He has money for conspicuous expenditures. He pays his club dues promptly, he never fails to have money enough to keep his position on 'Change, but when the tradesman invokes the hand of the law to squeeze out his little account, it can't find a coin. For the man has a wife, and the estate is in her name, or he has a sister or a brother in whose name the money is invested, or he just previously mortgaged his property, or he is just on the eve of bankruptcy and don't care whether you sue or not.

It is the most monstrous perversion of common sense that a wife's property should enable a man to contract debts, and yet escape liability for those debts in the proceeds of which she has been a sharer. But some of the most remarkable cases are those of accounts against estates. Here is an instance : A lady of very considerable means, and of the highest integrity, after

some weeks sickness, died, leaving a good estate. During her life-time she had had no greater satisfaction than in paying every bill she had at the beginning of the month. At the time of her death, in consequence of her sickness, one of her accounts had run into considerable proportions, and that account stands to-day unpaid. I don't know what monument the heirs may have erected to her memory, but I am sure if she could express her desires, she would regard that receipted bill laid upon her grave a grander monument than any of marble or stone.

Then there are many cases where the husband has died, and the family debts contracted by him still stand, and while the widow or family who enjoyed the benefit of the debt are living and well and could pay the bill if they were willing, there are enough legal difficulties to prevent the innocent creditor from recovering the amount. The fact is, that peoples' consciences are not so acute about tradesmens' bills as about other things. There is still a dusky twilight of the old impression, which was so prevalent during the days of imprisonment for debt, that there is an irrepressible conflict between gentle people and trades-people, and that any advantages possible, any *ruses de guerre*, are justifiable.

The prevalent lack of honesty in paying tradesmen's bills at least, suggests such a thought.

There are people who have so commonly heard and repeated the saying, that an umbrella has no rights of property attaching to it, and that the only title to it is that of occupancy, that they have come to believe it and act upon it; and in the same way there are people who never look at small debts as matter of conscience, but only as offsprings of their ingenuity and consequence. Like Mr. Skimpole, nothing strikes them as so absurd as the figure of an angry baker or butcher. But now take the other side of this question for a moment. See how serious it becomes to the tradesman who has himself and family to support, and his own credit to sustain. In the tremendous competition which must necessarily arise where there are 1,300 groceries in the same city, the profits can not be very large upon the average business done. The wholesale grocers must be paid for their goods, the rent must be paid, the tax must be paid, the perishable goods must somewhat depreciate, the family must be supported. There is no business, probably, where prompt collections are more necessary than in the retail grocery business. Now, at the end of a

month, a bill is sent to a large buyer, he sends it back and asks that it may stand over for a short time. The next month the two bills go out and are again sent back. What is to be done?

The customer lives in grand style. The tradesman in two rooms, or, where he can, about his store. He must have money to pay his own bills, because he is an honest man, and can't afford to have his name questioned. He timidly sends out his bill again and raises a storm and refusal, has to borrow money as he can, get involved in debt, keep sending good money after bad, furnishes his rich customer, with wines and delicacies, and he and his family subsist on the cheapest things in the shop. The accounts continue to grow until the books are loaded with bad debts; assignment follows, and an honest and industrious and hard-working family is bankrupt and ruined, and thrown out upon the street, where carriages dash by them for which they have paid just as truly as if they had drawn a check for the amount. Go down to one grocery in the city and hear this story, only there you will find no hesitancy as to names. A mother and daughter found themselves thrown upon their own resources, with very small capital,

not more than a few hundred dollars. The naturalest and easiest thing to do was to open a small grocery. They did so, and by frugality, hard work and personal solicitation they established a small trade, which enabled them to live. Among the customers was one whose position was well known, and whose means were ample. Day after day that customer levied tribute upon the little stock. Everything that was nice and choice went to that house, and when the bill rose to about a hundred dollars, payment was refused. It was found there was no remedy for the outrage, and the mother and daughter had to begin again to lay aside something from a yet narrower and more meager life.

I am glad to have an opportunity thus publicly to proclaim a righteous indignation that such a thing is possible. There are no words in the English language that can fitly declare the basilar and creeping nature of such proceedings. What is the difference between this kind of leeching and going daily to the money till and taking as much money away? What is the difference between this and any other mode of obtaining goods under false pretenses, punishable by the criminal law? And yet, during the last ten years this false pretense, has ruined more than

half the entire number of groceries in the city, and crippled many that are left. Of course, as we get down to the smaller groceries, we find the smaller values at which men rate themselves. Some sell their honor for a two dollar bill, and some don't go any higher than the price of a beefsteak.

3. The third and last consideration is, that on this list are found the name of some professing church members.

It is not surprising that the names of leading infidel writers and Socialists occur there. It is the legitimate fruit of a system which demands a constant redivision of property and asserts the right of hunger and poverty to help itself from the tables of the rich. But that Christians holding positions in the Church, and looked upon as representatives of the idea of Christ's religion, should allow their names to show there, is shameful and destructive to a pure religious influence. A religion is good, only so far as it molds the life. The statement so flippantly made that Christianity offers to save men by faith, without regard to virtue, is made by ignorance or malevolence. Over past sins repented of, it does profess to cast the the mantle of forgiveness when the sinner offers Christ's atonement as his

plea. And there is no sin so bad, or so low, or so perennial, that Christianity despairs of saving man from it. But it saves him *from* it, not *with* it. If it is possible to construct a higher system of ethics than that of the sermon on the Mount; if it is possible to set a purer morality and benevolence and sincerity before men than the example and precept of Jesus Christ, the man has not yet arisen to accomplish it. The man who believes or teaches that any one is offered salvation by the New Testament, without an earnest and sincere struggle to be pure and honest and true in every act and function of his life, is not entitled to ordinary consideration as a critic or a man. I have read the New Testament in vain if there be in it, in terms or implication, the slightest encouragement for any phase of dishonesty or rascality, for the man of immoral life, of insincere profession, of smirched and rotten reputation. His encouragement begins when these end. And if any one believes himself to be a Christian, while there are a dozen men with pockets full of his due bills and house bills, dodging him at every corner, I am constrained to say that either he or the New Testament has made a mistake. The very groundwork of Christ's religion is sincerity, a transparent life,

as open to men as to God, who knows all the secrets of the heart. The Gospel tells us that we all shall be judged and give an account of the works done in the body. Take one of these professing Christians whose name is on the bead-roll, not of the saints, but of the suspended accounts at the Grocers' Exchange, and what will he have to say for himself when those figures confront him there?

"How about these bills posted and carried over into eternity?"

"Oh, those—those are some little matters between me and my grocer. I gave that money to my church. I consecrated it."

"On what do you base your hope of salvation?"

"On my faith in Christ's promises, and on my efforts in his church."

Out of your own mouth you are condemned. The promises of Jesus Christ in which you so implicitly believed, was that no defrauder or liar, or thief should escape punishment, and as to your charities to the church, they go to the grocer who paid them.

Let us tear away the thin veils which obscure facts and deform the truths. Look the matter straight in the face, and there is one immutable,

tremorless proposition imbedded in reason and revelation; the man who is a scoundrel in his dealings with men is not less a scoundrel before God. Nothing can shake that truth and repentance which may change his position before God is not repentance until he does what he can to change his position before his fellowmen. It is the superlative absurdity of human folly for a man who dodges every other man he sees, and like Swiveller, has to invent a new way home every night to escape his creditors, to believe that he is a pleasant and satisfactory object to his God. Without speaking judicially upon the matter, and only from a supposition as to the effects of a true religion on the life, I am apt to think that when all a man's earthly acquaintances, or any great number of them, have upon facts shown, adjudged him to be a rascal, he has no great reason, without thorough repentance shown by equally pertinent facts, to expect a reversal of that decree hereafter.

The faith which saves a man is never separated from the repentance which is an active force repairing the faults and errors of the past, so far as the rapid stream of time has not whirled them from his reach.

To the Christian with possibilities given

him, the higher law of his religion has a supreme jurisdiction. It knows nothing of statutes made by any other law, except so far as they protect him while innocent, and shield him when unfortunate and crushed without moral responsibility. Religion, which knows no divisions of time, but is a power of Eternity, will not hear of statutes of limitations and bars of outlawry against honest debts and obligations. To him who is able to pay, a debt is a perpetual and prior claim. It never grows old. Its grasp upon him tightens as he begins to prosper, and he can never be satisfied until it is satisfied. There can be no question that Jesus Christ intended his disciples to have an acute and sensitive conscience, and to avoid debt as a dishonest and leprous thing. I see that some organization has been discussing the question, "Are church members to be trusted?" As an abstract proposition, I believe that the great weight of the moral sense and moral virtues of the people are within the church, however much hypocrisy and cant may have found its way in beside them; but if this association wants details as to their subject, I suggest they may get them and do some good by examining the suspended accounts of city tradesmen.

But I must not, by all means, forget to say one more thing, which is that some names will be found there which are not dishonored, and which have no taint of fraud. Many who contracted debts in time of affluence, having been stripped of all they have by the calamities of later years, are earnestly and honestly clearing away their debts by small payments. The debts which wealth recklessly incurred are slowly and painfully being wiped out by the exertions of poverty, but these names shine out upon the long lists like diamonds amid the mire.

I have an intense desire to make the pulpit of this church as powerful an influence for good as it was designed to be when you erected the church. You placed it here and called me to occupy it, not that you might be entertained and your æsthetic tastes ministered to, but that this new church should be a public benefactor and moral influence in the city, such that men would not willingly see it die. When my work among you shall be done, I want no higher eulogy than the common agreement that while I have not neglected the mighty truths of the Gospel, which shine along the pathway to heaven, I have enforced upon you with equal fervor the necessity of an honest, manly and

sincere intercourse with our fellow-men. If Christianity is losing its hold upon society, look for the reason in the infidelity of its disciples, not its enemies. The fort which would stand forever impregnable from external force, may not stand long against internal disobedience and treachery. Carlyle said a true thing when he spoke of would-be great reformers: "Reform yourself, and then there will be one less rascal in the world." The time will never come when men shall throw away the sacred influences of Christ's religion; for in its purpose and effect it revivifies and stimulates the conscience of humanity. It makes man a new creature, in that it substitutes the Conscience or Holy Spirit in the place of the Passions, as the mark of personality. A Christian's conscience becomes himself, and when you are such a Christian that to that real inner self you can always be true.

"It must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Food Corrupters.

Some five weeks ago, I delivered a lecture against those persons who dishonestly obtained goods from their tradesmen. I spoke with some amazement and much indignation of the prevalence of such fraud, and of its debilitating effects upon the conscience. At that time I had intended to follow the attack upon the swindling buyer, with this attack upon the swindling seller, and thus lay open the whole system of chicanery and false pretence which obtains in the mercantile world—a system which has degenerated into a mere guerilla war between sharp buyer and sharp dealer, where both are defrauded and both bankrupt in common honesty, where the unpaid bills represent false promises and where the goods delivered for them are miserable pretenses and shams, often poisonous and destructive.

But even now, when so much time has intervened since the last lecture, though the contrast may be weakened, it can not but be beneficial to the common interests of society for the pulpit to denounce in unmeasured terms the well known and commonly practiced fraud of adulterating and debasing the staple articles of social consumption, foods, drinks, medicines, wearing apparel, everything that is bought and sold. There has undoubtedly been a vast exaggeration in some writings that have recently appeared upon the subject of adulterations, but it is unquestionable that there is a vast and rapidly growing falsification, debasing, counterfeiting, alloying, adulterating and juggling going on in those staple articles which everybody uses, and which make the physical health of the Nation.

This is one of the most serious evils that can affect a society. No one can stab it in a more vital spot. No one can work so much permanent mischief upon it in all of its many functions, political, moral, intellectual and religious, as he who poisons the sources whence all these functions derive their strength.

The materialistic philosophy of the day tells us that the thoughts in Milton's Paradise Lost, are only so much bread and meat which the brain

has taken from the blood and secreted after its own manner. Such a blurring of the distinctions between the material and mental must be always detected by any mind that can differentiate a vessel from the wind which impels it, or a fibre of cotton from the loom that weaves it. But there is a mighty truth in the converse of the proposition. All the thoughts in the Paradise Lost, did have behind them as a necessary cause the bread and meat by which Milton lived, and the mightiest flights of his genius through those celestial and unseen planes where only a few kindred souls in all the centuries have spread their wings, were possible only as he had pure and wholesome food. The ship is not the wind, but can not move without it. The cotton is not the loom, but can not be a fabric without it. Now look at this great question of food supply from its effect on the whole product of the social forces; bind the sublime song of Milton to a loaf of bread in a London bakery, think of the energy of Wilberforce or Howard as rising or flagging with the quality of his tradesmen's goods; think of the moral character of every child, as moulded to a certain extent by the purity and impurity of his nourishment, and this becomes one of the

most important questions in our life. Are we getting pure and good food from those whose business it is to supply us? Just as certainly as we can know anything we know this, that bodily weaknesses induce mental and moral weaknesses, and that deleterious and false food breaks down the body. The man who gives my child, instead of pure and nourishing bread, for which I pay him, a miserable simulacrum of bread, a debased and deleterious article, which makes no more blood, and poisons what there is, is in every sense a villain and a murderer. So far as he is able, he begins a process of lingering death. He gives him with a smiling face and pleasant word a partial paralyzer of all his energies. Long after he may have have forgotten his petty fraud, its consequences, which he can not trammel up, follow with the untiring and sleepless vigilance of Nemesis upon every effort of my child's life. The mere money consideration is nothing, comparatively. If it were merely this, that a sharp piece of business has succeeded in getting something for nothing, and my loss could be measured by the weight of a coin, it might not be worth speaking of in this age of gigantic fraud and malfeasance.

We feel with Othello that the money thief takes mere trash—

'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands—

But he who takes away health and peace and energy, by giving my blood a stone when it asks for bread, and when it asks for fish giving it a serpent—

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

No fraud like this which is a conspiracy to destroy society through its fountains of life, which turns the food by which it lives into the poison by which it dies; which juggles with all the staple articles of daily consumption, until the real and the counterfeit, the pure and the alloy, the food and the poison can be distinguished only by the laboratory and the microscope, no such fraud as this can be unworthy of the notice and denunciation of the pulpit and the press. The vast increase in nervous diseases in our day may be accounted for by the habits of our life in part, but it is certain that it is in part also due to the debasing, counterfeiting, corrupting, and falsifying of those common articles which are in daily use. I say again, I am not deluded by all the sensational statements upon this subject of adulterations. In the nature of things

a suspicion of one article soon spreads to all and as people are always ready to believe and report more than is necessary, such general suspicion finds universal credulity. But when all proper allowance is made for the general disposition of people to believe the marvelous, there is ample ground for dismay when unimpeachable evidence proves how far this pernicious abuse has been developed. There are two aspects of the case which I shall present to-night as especially important and fit for this desk.

The first is the evil effect of this adulterating practice upon the general consumers in the community. This is the important aspect from the point of view of political economy, and it is difficult to separate a great question of political economy from the other ramifying interests of society. We are beginning to discover that the spiritual and intellectual condition of a man is largely affected by his physical surroundings, and that the Gospel has a far more perfect work in a comfortable home, than in a tenement house. God may educate the powers of the soul in the filthiest spot on earth. He may make a saint even amid the vermin and dirt of an anchorite's cell, but the well housed, properly nourished, well lighted, clear aired man

will, other things being equal, be the most vigorous and bright in his moral, intellectual and religious nature. You may try all your life to make a man with disordered and irritated stomach cheerful and patient, and not succeed, and yet patience is a moral virtue, and the stomach is so much tissue and fiber and muscle. The physician and doctor must go together. Jesus called Luke, the physician, to be his helper, and to-day the Church needs to ally herself with the great body of sanitarians who are striving to make men healthier and more comfortable. The ancient proverb, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" meant to express, by implication, that the unsoundness of either mind or body affected the other, and the Gospel sent to help men reach a better life, can not better lay the approaches for its work than in driving out all the causes of physical degeneration and misery. As death is the completed disease, and death can not be prevented, no exertion can drive out all causes of disease, but many of them can be eradicated by a well directed effort to improve the quality of the food on which the people live.

When we come to examine the facts in this case of adulterations, we are struck by the vast

increase of the fraud and the gradual withdrawal of the old barriers against it. The increased facilities of commerce by which space is almost annihilated, and goods brought into market from vast distances, have been destructive to the censorship of the market, which was common two hundred years ago. The only protection which you and I have now when we buy coffee or flour is the subjective help of the law proposition—*caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware. But two hundred years ago the citizens of Antwerp, or London, or Genoa, had the mighty protection of an organized and efficient supervision of every salable article. Before the tradesman could show his flour, or his sugar, it had passed under the inspection of his Guild, and the man who debased his wares knew the penalty was expulsion from his Guild, and expulsion from his Guild operated as a complete estoppel upon his business. But when the Guilds began to fall before the mighty currents of supplies setting in from every quarter of the globe, the principles of free-trade swept away every barrier, even the excise supervision, and left the community to the greed and cunning of any unscrupulous merchant. Not that all the care possible

had been able to prevent some adulterations. Take bread, for instance, the one article which all must have, and one therefore offering the greatest temptation to knavish tampering: when one considers the enormous number of loaves sold in a year, he sees how profitable a slight saving on each loaf will be. Now, if the size and appearance of the loaf can be preserved while less material is put into it, there is at once an easy and profitable fraud. Consequently this kind of fraud has obtained for many hundred years, as the statute book shows, and is common to-day. The flour is mixed with alum, sulphate of copper, chalk, rice, or other foreign substance. It is stated upon competent authority that 100 pounds of good flour will make from 133 to 137 pounds of bread, and 280 pounds should make ninety-five loaves of four pounds each. But with three or four pounds of boiled rice mixed into the flour, a baker may get one hundred loaves of the same appearing bread, which is bad and unhealthy, and rapid in decay. I have not taken any pains to find out what is the quality of the bread sold in Cincinnati to-day, but from the recent action of the Council requiring the baker to stamp each loaf with its weight, I imagine there must be some suspicion of adulteration.

The old statute of "pillory and tumbrel" rising up out of the shadows of six hundred and fifty years might be of some efficacy even to-day, although it was the first penal enactment against food-corrupters:

"If any default shall be found in the bread of a baker, the first time let him be drawn upon a hurdle from the Guildhall to his own house, through the great streets where there be most people assembled, with the faulty loaf hanging upon his neck. The second time, kept in the pillory one hour in the day. The third time, let the oven be pulled down and the baker made to forswear his trade forever."

The conscience of that day seemed to be more sensitive than ours. There was no mawkish sentimentality which prevented the community from protecting itself against scoundrels. The man who stole a half-penny from every poor woman who bought his bread was not too good for the vilest treatment by the common hangman. From the days of the first enactment, twelve years prior to the great charter, the statute books show how prevalent adulterations were and how hard to punish. Coffee came into common use about the time of the restoration of the Stuarts and yet the first penal

acts of the Hanoverian Kings were directed against its adulteration. The man who first drank it in London lived to see the time when the article sold as coffee was adulterated fully one-half. In our own days the English Parliament in 1860, 1869, 1871 and 1872 passed acts against the general custom of adulteration, and when dealers in chicory and coffee were visited and their goods sampled, it was found that where there was adulteration, the proportions of chicory ranged from 29 per cent. to 90 per cent., and to supplement this we are told now that even chicory itself is largely adulterated.

The author of the article upon "Food Corruption" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, from whom I gather many of the facts in this lecture, affirms that coffee berries are now manufactured from various vegetable substances by an ingenious machine invented for the purpose, and I have seen the statement that common white earth is sometimes moulded into the same shape and thrown into the coffee sack. In an analysis made by the Massachusetts Board of Health in 1872, a sample sold as ground coffee was declared to have no coffee in it at all. And the person that drank that concoction may have been a poor invalid, depending on its stimulating

influences. There are many men living to-day who can tell us of the miserable sham food that was sometimes given them when serving in the army. Men rolling in wealth at home getting large contracts to supply the soldiers in the field, sent them provisions so bad and adulterated that they became more fatal than the shells and bayonets of the enemy. Among the million of our fallen soldiers sleeping on the hillsides and in the valleys of the South where the plough is toiling through the fields that the cannon furrowed, there are many whose true obituary would be, "Assassinated by the army contractor." When the great reveille is sounded and the roll is called, it will be found that the fell genius of Lee and Longstreet and Johnston all together was not equal to the deadly influence of the quartermasters' stores. It slew its thousands, but bad bread, rotten bacon, adulterated drugs, shoddy clothes, furnished by the scoundrels at home, slew their ten thousands. And that same slaughtering process is proceeding in society to-day—less conspicuously, it is true, but surely, and the vast bills of mortality are swelled by the victims of this pernicious system of theft and fraud. Every article of family use is tampered with and damaged.

Tea is largely adulterated by the Chinese themselves. Old, virtueless, lifeless leaves are carefully gathered, dried, colored and resold. Many small-leaved plants are added in this country, and there are establishments where this agreeable specific for the nerves and headaches is made from leaves of Pennsylvania herbs, which pass through the curling machine and so much resemble tea as to deceive the ordinary consumer. When the dishonesty of trade rises into the furiousness of drunken recklessness, you may find your tea weighed down with iron filings and slugs. Flour, from the time it leaves the wheat, ceases gradually to be itself. A little marble-dust blends with it and increases its weight, and lays the foundation of long disease in him who eats it. Sugar in its white form is mostly pure, but in its brown form largely adulterated. The colored confectionery which childrer consume in such quantities is often made with most virulent poisons. Mustards and spices are robbed of their virtue and sold in utmost impotency. Beer, which on account of its price, has been, and will be the great drink of the laboring classes, is adulterated with pepper, salt, copperas, opium, hemp, strychnine, tobacco, darnel seed, logwood, zinc, lead and alum.

It is hardly worth while to speak of the wines which are called imported wines, and which are notoriously fraudulent. Tobacco and snuff show enormous adulteration with dangerous substances. The fourth report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in England showed that fifty-two per cent. of snuff inspected was illicit. These all are articles of enormous consumption. They enter more largely than anything else into the ordinary demands of the people and, just so far as they are bad, affect the entire community. If tobacco be bad in its best state, how much worse is it when oil and lamp-black, tannic acid, logwood and aloes are consumed with it. If the best liquors may drive men crazy and fill police-stations and penitentiaries, what is more necessary for us than to guard against that *chef d'œuvre* of diabolic invention which debases them yet more and sifts into them the germs of lingering mental death? Over the two great articles of milk and meat we have some city supervision by the Board of Health, and every year there are enormous quantities of meat condemned which, without such authority, would be sold in our markets. By the report of the Health Officer for 1875, I find there were 42,633 pounds of dressed meat

offered for sale in the markets and condemned by the Health Officer, and 25,000 pounds of fish, which, without such supervising authority, would have been purchased and eaten by people of small means. Those who know anything of the extreme needs of many poor people, need not be told that such food as this would be cheerfully bought if the price were less than ordinary.

Then the article of milk, the most important one in the entire range of foods, is likewise subject to manipulation and adulteration. The reader of the health reports of this city for the last ten years knows how much that office has done to keep this great staple pure and wholesome. Yet every year the reports show some cases of vast fraud, where families have been using milk which, if not absolutely pernicious, is diluted and worthless. I have myself seen a man stop his milk wagon on Sycamore Hill, and pump two or three buckets of water into his cans, without the slightest regard to the people who were observing him. And milk is the only food of a very large element of the population, and impure milk the cause of a large amount of the summer diseases among children.

There is no time to go on with the itemizing of frauds. The counts are as numerous as the

articles used. The sacred bed of suffering humanity where by instinct men are hushed and sympathetic, where the softest emotions of our better nature are elicited, even by a stranger's cry—even there, where the strongest efforts of our human help, with all the skill and appliances of the healing art, are, with anguish seen to be of no effect, where heaven and earth are searched for some relieving agent, even there, before that mighty altar of our mortality, the very emblem of sincerity and truth, this hypocritic and lustful spirit of fraud thrusts itself, and hateful shams, worship there under the livery of blessed medicine. Man's inhumanity to man never sinks to more basilar depths than when he stands by the deathbed, and remorselessly snatches away the healing remedies, the banisher of pain, the "drowsy sirups of the East, which medicine to slumber!" And yet in the city of Marseilles, there is one house whose sole business is, to adulterate and deflower Turkey opium, and Dr. J. M. Bailey, of New York, reported to the New York Academy of Medicine that in the first year of the operation of the law forbidding importation of foreign adulterations, 90,000 pounds of drugs had been condemned. In the wonderful nature of man,

the instinct of selfish greed, hyena-like, follows even to its victim's grave, while all the virtues, which are its fellows stand at a distance, dissolved in sympathetic tears.

II. Beside this first aspect of the case, think now of the other one — the moral influence of such a system of fraud upon the individual guilty of its practice.

Here the pulpit has its most legitimate functions. It can not blind its eye to the fact that this great organized conspiracy against society, is the conscious wickedness of many individual souls. To warn and denounce such men is its privilege and its duty. Shall it glow with energy and burn with zeal against the common thief, who steals a dinner or a covering, and is forever branded with the crime, and even in his silent grave, is as surely remembered as a common thief as if, like his brothers of a past age, he were buried in the cross-roads with the stake through his body ; shall it be brave only where no bravery is needed, and loud-mouthed amid the mob, or shall it turn to the thieves who roll in carriages, snuffing up the incense which money evokes, and by all the powers of its living truths, by its reverberating echoes of the dying voices of the conscience, by its mighty

appeals to the sense of human rights, by its clear-toned denunciation of God's wrath upon every form of lie and theft, rock these men from the pedestal of their criminal carelessness, as Felix was convulsed upon his guilty throne, when Paul reasoned of a judgment to come?

Let it turn, let it turn from criminality in rags to criminality enthroned; let it move for awhile out of the by-ways and lanes of Jerusalem, where common sin revels and grows, into the palaces where it can grow no more, only because it has passed beyond the period of its summer ripeness. Where is the man who, from his easy desk directs his clerk to stab his own conscience and lie for him to customer after customer as to the nature and purity of goods which he himself has adulterated by his master's order? Young men come to me and ask what they shall do when they must choose between fraud and poverty. Shall they steep their souls in lies to sell Porto Rico for New Orleans molasses? Shall they with unquivering lip affirm that a scoopful of curled leaves, which they themselves have seen thrown into the tea chest, is the best imported tea! Are these the business principles which shall make honest and trustworthy employes, or do they lie

at the bottom of the false trusts, the forced balances, the stolen goods, the carnival of fraud through which the mercantile world is masquerading now ? You can't expect to educate a man to be sharp and cunning to defraud your customers and frank and honest to account to you. If they are taught that the first duty of a salesman is to sell goods without regard to truth or candor, the entire system of business is apt to resolve itself in their minds to one proposition —overreach. Never mind about honor, equity, mercantile courtesy ; you have taught them that after all, the aim of the business man is to get money and to get it by sharp wit if they can.

That is a very simple principle and you must not be astonished if they discover some day that they can make money faster by defrauding you than your customers. You can't sharpen a man as you do a sword, keeping the edge all on one side. Sharp, or as we say, smart, business craft keeps a keen edge flashing in every direction like the angels at the gate of Eden. We don't realize the personal effect of this vast system of adulterations and debasements, because we regard the system as a whole, and do not follow it into its springs and sources. But let your imagination—for I hope your memory would be

powerless—dwell on the daily life of a man who deals in such adulterated goods. For, mark you, there is a conscious villainy in some part of the chain between the first and last handler of the article. Some man is just as guilty and knows it just as well as the unknown man in the days of the Stuarts who detained the coin long enough to pare it down a little before he passed it on again. Now suppose such a man behind his counter. He may be, and in many cases is perhaps, a moral man, and I suppose a religious man. That is to say, in every relation of life but that of selling goods, he is beyond reproach and feels a satisfaction in knowing it. But from the first penny that falls into his till to the last one at night, there may not be one which has not made him lie. The goods are just what the the customer wants, and they change with protean facility with the customer's demands. You understand me, that I am not saying this of the trade in general, which, like every other trade and profession, has good members and bad, but of such members of it as swell their profits by adulterating their goods, or selling those already adulterated. The Prussian penal code supposes every vender of bad goods to be aware of such defect, and hold him responsible

as it ought to. Such a man can not say these goods are not what they seem to be, they are made up of so many parts of this, and so many of that. He must boldly declare them to be what he knows they are not, and stick to it through every form of question, and through a hundred repeated questions, throughout the day. When business is slack, the moral ledger like the office one, is pretty free from bad accounts, but when business freshens, the lies must fall thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Is the false profit worth the false life? Is the swelling fortune worth having with the contracted heart? Does not the Etna of lies and deceit at last smother and crush the efforts of the soul to rise?

The days of Jeremiah are not of twenty-four hours. They are cycles, and we are living in them yet, for "every one, from the least to the greatest, is given to covetousness, every one dealeth falsely."

I know the competitions of trade are great, that there are a thousand men ready to make the profit which your scruples forbid you to take. But this is only saying what has been true from the beginning, that honesty has an eternal foe, and that the standard of victory seems to alternate between the right and wrong; but the

place of the true man, of him who follows Jesus Christ, and puts his ear down always to the voice of the conscience, is in the ranks of those who war against every kind of wrong, and in his mercantile life to say no word and do no act which, dying, he would wish to blot. If it be right to take that which others would if we refuse, we might as well be upon the highways or in the burglars' camp. And if it be the wisdom of this world to gather money by any means, if its motto is, "Put money in thy purse," it is the wisdom of a pure religion, protesting against the infidelity of the day which bids men who are determined to grow rich upon the wages of sin to look beyond the day, when their nerveless fingers shall not close upon a coin, and that wisdom, not in a motto, but in an awful truth, grounds itself in one overwhelming consideration, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?"

THE STORY

—OF—

THE AUDITOR'S BOOKS.

It is a startling thing to know that a great number of the best people of Cincinnati deliberately perjure themselves every Spring. It takes one's breath away to conceive the possibility of ten thousand right hands going up together, and ten thousand tongues deliberately lying in the sight and name of God, and with all the sanctions which law and conscience can throw around the solemnity of an oath. Go down to the Court House to-morrow and see a witness in the box. Mark the sense of responsibility which the oath has imposed upon his utterance. Out of that box, his conversation is free from the especial consecration which it must here regard. He carefully and thoughtfully weighs every syllable and tests every word by laborious reference to memory and note. The tremendous weight of an oath lies upon him, and,

although he be a man of strictest veracity in every word and action of his daily life, yet here he recognizes a position where additional precaution against error must be taken, and where *truth*, all of it, and nothing else, must be produced.

It is the supposition of the law that sworn witnesses tell the truth. The long line of deponents filing into the box and out again throughout the year, speaking words that unsettle estates, send men to the gallows and penitentiary, change public affairs and mold social interests, are supposed to speak truthfully, at least in intention, even though the weakness of human faculties be such that they may err in particulars. What a condition should we be in if it were true and known to be true, that the great majority of all such witnesses deliberately and knowingly violated their oath and conscience, and invested Falsehood with the official robes of Truth! To raise the thought of a society where even the solemn and rigorous processes of law, bound up together with the highest demands of religion and morality, can not determine in ordinary cases between truth and perjury, is to imagine a society rotten to its center. The days of the thumb-screw and

Scavenger's-daughter, and other instruments of torture as means of eliciting truth, have gone by forever.

The only reliance and safeguard of modern society is the Conscience of its aggregate membership. While it supposes and knows that there will be sporadic cases of fraud and perjury, and provides penalties against them, yet it rests upon the broad postulate of the reliability of sworn testimony. When the presumption in general litigation is against the veracity of each witness, we are at the breaking up of the present social order. But then it is true that in matters of personal interest, such as listing one's property for taxation, there is a presumption against the return, even under oath. The simple truth is, that the County Auditor's books show that many persons perjure themselves—that is, deliberately and knowingly assert that to be true which they know to be false. It does'nt make any difference what your opinion and mine may be as to the law under which we are required to list our property for taxation. It may be an infamous law, but it can not justify perjury to evade it. No tax, no law can be more unjust or iniquitous or ruinous to social interests than perjury is and ever will be. No man ever laid a

rational unction to his soul for the guilt of a sworn lie, when he justified himself by the badness of the law which swears him, and while I believe there are many false returns of property made through ignorance, it is impossible to doubt that fraud and cunning are the parents of the larger number. It will not be many weeks before the Assessors will leave their blanks again, and this is a good time to stir up the consciences of the taxpayers by dwelling upon the facts of the business. The question has nothing to do with real estate. The fixedness of that kind of taxable property and its appraisement every ten years, deprive the individual owner of much opportunity to use his conscience.

It is the fugitive property which opens the door to fraud. When one is called upon to put on the duplicate a statement of his personal property, he knows that very few have any knowledge of how much he has, or of what shape it is in, and the consciousness of this, is the first temptation to lie. There is undoubtedly, a very deep, universal, and yet mysterious repugnance in human nature to allowing others to know how much movable property one has. The man who owns land displays the fact, is glad to have it known and makes much of it.

But he, whose income is derived from money securities, etc., is reticent to a degree. When the law comes to him and says: "Write down here a statement of your personal effects," he feels the same objection. It is an intrusion upon his privacy, it is prying into his secret life. it is using the power of the government to do that which no free government should do. Now, I believe this feeling of indignation lies at the bottom of the vast fabric of fraud in the return of personal property. It is no excuse, but it is a cause for dishonesty. Like the income tax, like every tax which can be collected only by an intrusion upon domestic privacy, it offers a premium to falsehood. During the long and expensive career of Rome under the Emperors, no such branch of revenue was known. The imperial power was maintained by land-duties and excise duties, until conquests enabled her to live on the tribute of conquered nations. Under Augustus, some additional revenue being necessary, a five per cent tax was laid upon all legacies and inheritances from which a vast revenue was derived. As they had no laws of entail and settlement, such as now exist, this tax was especially suitable to an age when arbitrary wills were common. How much such a tax would produce we may

estimate from the case of Cicero, who received from those whom he had defended, legacies to the amount of £170,000, and the younger Pliny, received nearly as much. Thus, in two or three generations, the entire property of the Empire passed through the coffers of the State without any special hardship to the subject. The ancient nations did not know what it was to tax personal property, though the later emperors, especially Severus and Caracalla, taxed in kind —that is, demanded so much wheat or oil, or produce from the entire yield. Nor has the Anglo-Saxon race ever looked with favor upon such modes of raising revenue. The student of English history, from the days of Henry III, and the first Parliament, can not but see that the mind of England has been in all ages against any kind of taxation except land tax and a moderate custom duty.

An excise bill nearly unseated Walpole, the most sagacious Chancellor of Exchequer, England ever had, and the Stuarts, lost their throne by illegal and distasteful forms of taxation. It is undoubtedly true that a well devised tax upon real estate would diffuse itself throughout the entire community, and like all custom duties, would in the end be paid by the great body of

the people. A personal tax, is, I believe, only an inducement to rascality and perjury, and the revenue which it brings in, does not compensate for the honor and veracity which it drives out. While this is true, as I believe, yet the fact remains, that while this system obtains and men have to list their private effects under it, they are bound by every bond to be honest and true in their dealings in the matter. Whatever others may do, there is but one thing for the Christian to do, and that is reverently and advisedly and in the fear of God, to return his property in accordance with conscience and religion.

We have no business with evasions and deceits, and subterfuges and mental reservations. The oath is clear and explicit, and leaves no room for any doubt in the Christian conscience. "I do solemnly swear, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have listed or exhibited to the Assessor all the personal propertys, moneys, credits, over and above my indebtedness, investments in bonds, stocks, joint stock companies, or otherwise, in my possession or under my control as owner or holder, or as husband, parent, guardian, executor, or administrator, receiver, accounting officer, agent, attorney

or factor, on the day preceding the second Monday of April, which are subject to taxation under the laws of this State." Under that iron clad oath there is no possibility of an honest reservation. It means perfect conscientiousness or downright perjury. The story of Ananias must be a forgotten legend when Christians can stand up and take that oath to a return which keeps back a large part of their effects to save a few, or a few hundred dollars. What is this, then, that one reads at the Auditor's office—that many Christians do notoriously refuse to list their entire property? What is this fact staring us in the face, that the Equalization Board every year has to come to the assistance of some consciences, Christian consciences sometimes, and convince a man that he has two or three times as much money taxable as he believes. We may divide the entire subject into three parts, and we shall find all the cases falling under either the conscience confused, the conscience sick, or the conscience dead and buried.

I. THE CONSCIENCE CONFUSED.

There are undoubtedly many persons whose returns of personal property are fraudulent, but they, themselves, are in a state of per-

plexity and doubt about the matter. The law, as to the return of stock at an average monthly valuation, such valuation terminating in April, whereas their own account of stock has taken place three months before, are very confusing. The taxable personalty of a banking company, with complicated accounts of credit and debt, and taxable securities passing into untaxable, and back again throughout the year, together with the uncertainty of discounted notes, may be hard to ascertain. The many things to be considered in making the statement for a large manufactory, the knowledge of what a thing costs, and uncertainty as to what it is actually worth—all these things combine to confuse an honest man at times, and, he makes a return which others say at once is false and which really is erroneous.

This is not a disposition to defraud in the severe sense of the word. It is the same case as the sharp bargain in business, where a man stands inside the law, but reaches over. He don't want to pay more than he ought to, and he shaves everything while he returns everything. He has a general and vague realization that close scrutiny might find larger valuations, but then there is a doubt, and it makes in favor of himself.

Last year the Board of Equalization found a good many such cases of confusion, and managed to make several of them straight, but there was an honest statement of the reason why such returns had been made, which divested the case of its fraudulent intentions.

II. THE CONSCIENCE SICK.

If one wants to see a glaring inconsistency, let him see the valuation which a man puts upon his household effects when he lists them for taxation, and when he lists them for insurance.

They are generally worth about four times as much in one case as in the other. There is no doubt that to replace them if destroyed would cost much more than they would sell for under the hammer, but the disproportion is too great. The inspection of the returns shows that the average value of all the horses in the county is about $60, of watches $30, and of pianos $108. The entire furniture in some houses is returned at a less figure than the duty paid at importation for a part of it.

Now, consider such a case. A man buys damasks, carpets, linen, etc., abroad, swears to their valuation in the Custom House, puts them

into his house, and on his tax list as worth less than the duty, grouping them together with all he had before in the house. He has elegant plate, which cost $1,000, and would be worth $600 after passing through the melting pot; he returns it under one head, with all the rest, at $200. He has a horse which he could take down to Fifth street, and sell at any time for $150; he puts him down as worth $50. The Assessor and the Insurance Company inspect his house through the opposite ends of the field glass. To one everything is belittled and cheapened, to the other it is magnified and enriched. Self-interest triumphs over patriotism and honesty, and for the sake of a few dollars the man is content to sink in his own esteem and incur the pains and penalties of perjury. Look down the list of names and the amounts returned. Here is a millionaire, with only $1,500 worth of personal property, and yet his horses and carriages and household furniture, and taxable securities are included in it. The Auditor tells me that they estimate in the office that only 40 per cent. of the personalty in the county gets on the tax duplicate. Sixty per cent. of it is untaxed in spite of the rigorous oath taken Besides this manifestation of diseased conscience

which so underrates all forms of property, there are innumerable ways of defrauding the revenue.

Here is a man who has $15,000 deposited in bank on the day that he is to make out his return. That is a taxable personalty. But he doesn't pay any tax on it. He simply says to the cashier, "in greenbacks;" it is written so upon the book, and the greenback being untaxed he escapes entirely. Or, he incurs a debt of large amount before listing, deducts it from his assets, and after listing has the fraudulent debt canceled. These last cases, I must say, though they are brought in under the head of a sick conscience, are pretty sure signs of its speedy death. It is so common and general to under-estimate the value of personal property, that there is no disguise in talking about it, and confessing it. I remember once a gentleman said to me, "No one puts down his effects at their valuation. Those bronzes, for instance, cost me $400, and I return them at $25." Now, what is the defense of this kind of open fraud? It is found in a combination of specious pleas — that the tax is an odious one, that it is an unnecessary one, that the taxes are stolen and used up by the sworn custodians of them, and that no one will be the better or

wiser if I do pay the money or not. Undoubtedly the rascality in official trusts, the embezzlements of public funds, and the notorious corruption of the boards by whose votes the money is expended, have done much to make the public callous as to paying taxes honestly. Facts have so clearly proved that the vast sums raised for public benefit, stick to the hands of those who finger them, and that the city is dirty and badly sewered, and ill taught, and ill kept, while the money assessed to remedy these evils runs away and sinks into the sands, that a universal disgust and moral apathy has come over people, and they hack, and cut, and prune at their tax list and against conscience; they swear it in and feel very little remorse. Now this is righting a wrong by a greater one. The pulpit must protest against any such doctrine. Whatever may become of the money, after it has been paid into the treasury it is the unquestionable duty of every man to acquit his own conscience by a true and full payment. Because some men steal it after it is paid can not be a reason for any one to steal it before it is paid. Now, I put it to you as one of the hardest attacks upon religino, that men are able to run down a long list of tax returns after the Equal-

ization Board has struggled with them, and put the finger upon one after another church member whose return has been altered after his sworn oath as to its completeness. Last year that board found $359,960, personal property, not returned—that is to say, more than 1 per cent. of all the personal property returned from the entire county. And it was added in very large amounts, in sums from $1,000 up to $75,000. If there is any place where Christianity ought never to be exhibited, it is in the role of a criminal. And when Christian men allow their names to appear upon official lists, to be spoken of as dishonest or sharp, they in effect put their religion into the pillory and disgrace it. When I go from place to place getting information for these lectures, oftentimes from men who care nothing for church or religion, and hear them say, "Look at this case now, here is about as notorious a case as we have, and this man is very pious and never misses church, and is a pillar in some congregation," the inconsistency staggers me, and I can see that mere preaching is never going to reform the world until it cures the diseased consciences in the pews.

The world judges a religion by its fruits, and

when it produces anything like a crop of rotten tax returns and delinquent accounts and protested notes, it soon loses its savor among men who know nothing else about it.

There was a time in the history of the Church when the highest sacrifice a man could make for it, was to die for it. The martyrs went singing to the torture and the fire. That era has passed away. The one thing that the same pure and holy cause is languishing for in our day, is for disciples who can *live* for it.

Every religion counts its confessors and martyrs. Great zeal makes a heroic death easy. But that religion whose influence is so pure and powerful that it enables men to fight the long campaign of our mortal life, and triumph in the end over the host of bad passions and evil temptations, so that at the close they may stand up in the words and consciousness of Samuel, is a divine force in the world. When the Church begins to fill up again with men who can stand with gray heads close to the opening curtain of another world, and looking all men in the face, ask with boldness: "Behold, I am old and gray headed, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day, behold here I am; witness against me before

the Lord, whose ox have I taken, or whose ass have I taken, or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? Or, of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?" When that time shall come we shall have a living religion and living Christians. Church registers preserve the names of professing Christians, but as no one would go to a tombstone to get an acurate notion of the character of the deceased, so the real register of real Christians must be made up from the many records of many men. It may be possible that a man who swears he has $50,000 less than other men can find for him, is honest and pious, but if he is, his friends ought to apply to the Probate Court in his behalf. If he doesn't need a writ *de inquirendo lunatico*, his conscience is so relaxed that it is moribund. It may not be dead, but it is pretty sound asleep, and the chances are, that it will never rouse itself.

III. DEAD AND BURIED CONSCIENCES.

We now come to the last and most hopeless cases of fraud in this tax business. We pass into the company of men who make no pretence of a conscience. It has been amputated.

They have accustomed themselves to get along without it. Just as a man left an arm or leg at Shiloh or Bull Run, and has adapted himself to his shorter equipment, so some men look back over the past moral battlefields and find that they left their conscience before the enemy. No one battle did it. It was gradually shot away until there was so little stump left that they had the whole thing removed as a constant source of pain. And now they scarcely miss it. Now send such a man a tax list, and he looks at it as a challenge to his invention. Everybody knows he has a large property protected by the laws and he has to exert himself to find excuses for not paying his part of the expense of administering those laws. There are many ways. Money may be loaned on short paper or on paper maturing before April. He gets a good percentage, collects his principal, and goes out of the city when the Assessor is expected. He may have had $50,000 at interest most of the year, but he has no office, and can't be found. The law protects his investments, but he does nothing to support the law.

Of course he takes no oath, but he is morally foresworn, if not legally. Or he buys a good mortgage, has it made out in some domestic's

name, and escapes taxation upon his capital in that way. Or he invests his money in an enterprise out of the State, resides here and pays taxes nowhere. Or he happens to have all his means in untaxable bonds or greenbacks in April, and perjures himself to escape taxation upon the taxable personalty that bought them a little before.

Or, last of all and simplest of all, he puts his securities away and simply ignores them when he takes the oath. How many Southern Railroad bonds are held in this city, and how many of them pay taxes? The city burdens itself to pay large interest to the bondholders; how much revenue does she get from them in the way of taxes? When she agreed to pay seven and three-tenths per cent. or six per cent., it was contemplated that the right to tax them would somewhat diminish the load. But is it generally believed that these bonds are returned at all on tax lists? Not at all. Men who buy a six per cent. taxable bond in a home market don't contemplate paying nearly half of it for taxes. If they did, they wouldn't buy it when they can get higher interest on government bonds which are safer and more easily convertible. Those bonds which are held in Cin-

cinnati can not be honestly taxed and yet a good investment, and it is not an uncommon thing to hear men acknowledge that they wouldn't have these bonds, if they had to list them. But what possible excuse have they for refusing? They are as clearly a part of their taxable effects as anything else they swear to. Never mind whether a corporation has a right to tax its own debts or not, the simple question for you and me is, shall I swear to a lie to save a few dollars? Suppose some one of you owns a couple of these bonds, the tax on them would be between $50 and $60. Now is the amount saved a sufficient balm for the injury of a perjured soul? Could you on simply worldly principles spend $50 better than in buying your own peace and esteem? Let any man who shall be tempted in a few weeks to make a false return for taxation hesitate before he raises his hand and calls God to witness his crime. Let him think, let him reason with himself, let him fall into the struggle of Shakespeare's Jew, and rescue from their basilar level the words which he degraded:

"An oath, an oath;
I have an oath in heaven,
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Put before you the entire matter. On the one hand the small profit, on the other the loss of your soul. Let the crime sear itself into the eyeballs of your moral nature. Be sure it is not less a crime because it is a common one, and that it is not overlooked by God because men do not ferret it out. Call the crime by its right name, theft and perjury. How the grand old voice of Master Latimer speaks eternal truth! More than three hundred years ago, he spoke to men just such as we are, and he spoke on this very subject. The Court and Parliament assembled at Stamford to hear him preach. Hear his words: "When the Parliament, the High Court of this realm, is gathered together and there it is determined that every man shall pay a fifteenth part of his goods to the King, then Commissioners come forth, and he that in sight of men, in his corn, cattle, sheep, and other goods, is worth an hundred pounds, will set himself at ten pounds. He will be worth to the King but ten pounds. Tell me now whether this be theft or no?" And again, two years later, he says: "And this I speak because I fear this realm is full of thieves. For he is a thief who withdraws anything from any man, whoso-

ever he is. Now I put the case that it is allowed by Parliament, by common authority that the King shall have one shilling of every pound, and there are certain men appointed in every shire who are valuers. If I either corrupt the value or swear against my conscience, that I am not worth £100, when I am worth £200, I am a thief before God, and shall be hanged for it in hell. Now how many thieves think you are there in England who will not be valued above £10, when they are worth £100? But this is a pitiful thing, and God will punish them one day, for God's matters are not to be trifled with." Time and fire consumed that great preacher centuries ago. But all the fire that lurks in every atom of created matter shall not, in all the ages, so much as scorch the living truths he spoke. Over the chasm that separates his day from ours his clarion voice repeats in the ears of sinful men that same blunt, soul-searching question that made men tremble in Stamford Church. "How many thieves, think you, are there in this realm who will not be valued above ten pounds when they are worth an hundred."

Street Car Life in Cincinnati.

Everybody rides on the street cars at times, and everybody knows that there are conductors and drivers, and horses attached to those cars. In fact, there are no laboring people against whom we are so constantly jostled as these men who live on two square feet of platform at the ends of street cars. We get on every day, pay our fares, get off, scold and vilify the conductor if he don't do exactly as we want, identify him and the driver with the company, and express our elegant contempt of the monopoly in warm terms to the monopolized employe. Very few people know anything about the routine life of these public servants. Of course we know that they take tickets, and strike a bell, and punch a trip-slip. There isn't any doubt about that. We all see that much of it and pay no more attention to it than we do to the clock which is always ticking when we look at it. No one is surprised that the clock is ticking when he

glances at it. It is its business. That is what it is for. No one is surprised to see the conductor come for his fare. That is what he is for, and we pay it without looking at him, and with no more consideration of him than if he was an automatic machine. And, under the present system, that is about what he is. If we could only find some kind of a ticket-taking machine that could count, and make change, and stand all kinds of contempt and keep up a perpetual smile, and be polite, and not eat anything, and not want any time to do it, and know the names of all the streets and the people that live on them, and be not seized with ordinary human propensities, such as the want of pay, and the desire of taking care of self and family, and of having a friend or two in the world, and a minute to chat with him, or the disposition once in a while, to know what is inside of a book, and to launch out a few fathoms into the sea of human interests that roars around the car, why then we should have the final result which the present system of conducting street rail roads is apparently striving to produce. During the five years that I have been in this city, it has been my pleasure to meet and know many of the street car employes in all parts of the city. I have met them, talked with

them, and made it my business to find out what kind of a life they lead. If there is any one thing that I, as a disciple of Galton, am glad of, it is that among other virtue or vices which I have inherited, is a tendency to ask questions. It is a splendid failing. When a man sets out to help other people, or teach other people, perhaps there is no better way to begin than by asking them what they want to know and what they want done. And if, as members of a living religion, and of a sympathetic Christ, we really want to do some good to suffering humanity, the only way to do it is to come out of ourselves and our easy chairs, go and find the people, and ask them what they want. There is a modesty in human suffering and misery. They are weaknesses, and few worthy people care to voluntarily acknowledge weaknesses. But a single sympathetic question may open a floodgate of information. I knew a shoemaker once who went for thirty years from his house to his shop, and was never known to ask a question or observe an object, and he was no more useful in the world than his awl. Every day he was stuck into his shop, and every night he was pulled out again, until he wore out. This lack of inquiry lies at the bottom of a good deal of lack of doing. Men

don't relieve misery because they are not aware of it. They are not aware of it because they are so wrapped up in their own affairs that they don't make any inquiries about the affairs of others. Here is a great duty of the pulpit, whose business is humanity, to find out cases of suffering and hardship, and lay the facts before people in such a way as to stimulate thought and create a more intelligent public sentiment. Now my subject to-night is not one of great misery and destitution, like that of the tenement houses, but it is one of great interest to many people of whose life and hardships we do not know. As far as I can find out there are no men so much overworked, so poorly paid, and such complete machines as the street car employes. Let us take a glance into their life and see if this isn't so.

I. ARE THEY OVERWORKED?

The answer to that question will depend upon what we consider the possibilities of the human organism for consecutive labor. Twelve hours used to be a legal day's work. Ten hours is now the maximum, and there is a decided tendency to exact even less than this, on the ground that the good of society as well as of the toiler,

requires more time for mental, social, æsthetic and religious duties. But there is not in Cincinnati, a single conductor or driver who works less than twelve hours every day, and on the great majority of the lines, the day means fifteen hours. On the consolidated routes the time varies with the length of the road, but it never falls below fifteen hours steady labor, and on some of them it reaches seventeen hours. On each of the cars that cross the river there is only one man, who acts as conductor and driver, and he works seventeen hours every day. On Vine street the day is sixteen hours long. Now let us digest these facts. A man who gets up at 7 o'clock in the morning, and gets down to business at 7½ o'clock thinks he has done a fair day's work when he gets back to his family at 6 o'clock in the evening, and so he has. No man ought to be driven longer than that. But the conductor who takes his ticket at 7 o'clock in the morning has been at work an hour already, we will say, stands all day long on the same platform, takes his ticket at 6 o'clock in the evening again, and, if he be on the Consolidated lines, takes the last ticket between 9 and 10 o'clock, and if he has fallen under the sterner decrees of fate, and is cooped up on a Newport

or Vine street car, he runs on until 11 o'clock. It takes a very high order of mathematical genius to subtract seventeen hours from twenty-four and leave more than seven, or fifteen from twenty-four and leave more than nine. And even Benjamin Franklin, who entertained high ideas of wakefulness, conceded that under certain contingences, seven hours sleep, was right and proper. When a man works seventeen hours for his employer and sleeps seven for himself, and does this day after day and night after night, it becomes proper to ask what time he finds to read, to instruct himself and his children, to amuse himself, to qualify himself for the duties which God has imposed upon him as a citizen, father, husband, and Christian. As long as this lasts, it is demonstrated with mathematic accuracy, that a man can not serve God and Mammon, for Mammon never lets him go until he falls asleep. I know a conductor in the city who was so unfortunate as to lose his wife some time ago, and found himself left with the care of four children, the oldest of whom was nine years of age. Every morning he was compelled to leave those children under the charge of this oldest one, go to his car, run in hastily for five minutes at noon, and then see them no more

until he came home at 9 o'clock in the evening, and found them in bed and asleep. And it was one of the saddest things in the world to see these little things, as I often did, lock their door at night and lower the key from the window for their father to find when he came home. There they slept, under the care of the Heavenly Father, in their locked room, while the only earthly protector that they had was treading up and down on that treadmill of his daily life. The conscience of mankind revolts from such excessive demands, even when every moment is amply paid for. The experience of man teaches that it is against public policy to permit any class of labor to be strained and brutalized by excessive application. And it does not at all affect this truth, that there are dozens of men and hundreds of men ready and willing to take these positions and to do all the work. Political economy does not put *men* into the same category with other supplies. Human nerves, and muscles, and affections are not to be bought and worked up into a fabric, like so much coal, and cotton, and iron. There is an eternal difference between a whirling spindle or a descending trip-hammer and the men who guide it, and it is not accordant with any law,

human or divine, that because thousands of men are out of work and ready to do anything to get it, any one of them may be compelled to do the work of two men. When a man rents a machine, he has a right to get all the work from it he can, even if it wears out in his service. When he rents a *man*, he rises above machines, and it is not the man's extremity of need which should gauge his demands, but his capacity and endurance. It is "not his poverty, but his will," that is the standard.

No. We may talk largely about scarcity and surplusage of human labor, of the laws of demand and supply, of hundreds who are standing ready to do this same amount of work, and after all it does not prove anything, except that there is vast destitution, and that men must feed themselves and their families somehow. It does not prove at all that men have any right to take advantage of such necessities to get double work and killing work out of their men. Augustus Cæsar said it was better to be Herod's hog than his son, because his religion forbade his killing his hog and it didn't prevent his killing his son. Perhaps it might be said now, it is better to be a horse than a man in the street car service, for they relieve the horses from the excessive de-

mands which they impose on the men. Horses are not so plenty, but that it costs something when they break down. But *men*, why, there are hundreds want these places; work them. But you will notice that it is not merely physical overwork of which these men may complain. It is the entire extinction of all their natural functions. Work is a condition of life in its normal condition. If any man won't work, neither shall he eat, said St. Paul, and we generally agree to it except in the case of the tramp. But how is it when work, instead of being a means of life, becomes life itself; when, instead of fitting man to enjoy life and prevent its becoming monotonous, it, itself, is the be-all and end-all of one's life? So that, in the morning, there is nothing to sweeten the labor by anticipating its rewards and the hour of domestic comfort. That old maxim is good sound sense, that if man will not work when he has the chance, he shall not eat. But what kind of sense is there in the present rule as to conductors and drivers, that those who do work, and work fifteen hours at that, shall not have time to eat? For there isn't a street car company in the city that gives its men a dinner hour, or makes any provisions for such a thing,

except the Main street line, which has more humane provisions that any other, and puts a third man on in the place of each employe, giving him a half hour for meals. As a Mt. Auburn man, I am glad this can be truly said of this road, on which we especially have to travel.

The others take the horses out to feed them, but the men must make some arrangement among themselves to get off the car as it nears the end of the route, rush into some place, eat their dinner, and be ready to catch the car again as it comes around, under penalty of dismissal. Many take their baskets with them and eat dinner and supper (if there be any use of distinguishing them) on the car in the sight of the passengers. The longest time any conductor or driver has to leave his car for dinner, so far as I can find by inquiry on different lines, is fifteen minutes. On the Vine street line they get nine minutes. That is to say, this company permits the men to have half as many minutes for meals as they work hours in the day, if it can be called a permit, for the companies make no account of the matter themselves. The cars run as usual, and the men may snatch the time if they can, but the time table is not adjusted for them. Foreigners have

laughed a good deal at the twenty minute dinners which our railroads allow their passengers, but it is not a laughing matter when men are compelled to bolt their meals, day after day, in a space of time hardly long enough to see what they have.

The constancy and length of their service each day extinguishes all social and domestic life. They haven't any. The place where a man spends fifteen hours every day, in summer and winter, every minute he has, except when he is asleep, may be called his home.

These men *live* on the cars. When they go to their beds, at the close of so long a labor, how much do you think they are inclined, or able, to study or read, or talk, or be amused?

All that splendid part of their life is as completely wiped out as if a wet sponge had passed over it. Most other laborers have time to eat their dinner decently and with some regard to their physical welfare; they have the evening with their families, and for social intercourse and amusement and instruction. They don't work on Sundays, and enjoy that day of rest. But the car men go to business while men are sleeping, and go home when they are asleep again.

2. ARE THEY UNDERPAID?

The consolidated roads pay their conductors $1 75 a day, and their drivers $1 50. For an ordinary day's wages in a responsible position that would not be very good pay, even in these days of cheap labor. But these prices are paid for one-half more labor than other men give. The man who breaks stone on the road for ten hours, doing the simplest and most primitive kind of labor, where only brute strength is required, gets $1 a day. But these wages are higher than are paid on some other lines. That Newport road is a monumental instance. There, as I said, one man has the entire charge of the car, acting as conductor and driver, runs seventeen hours, and is paid $1 50 per day, which is a little under nine cents an hour. Compare these wages and these excessive hours and demands with the wages of common house servants. Three, three and a half, and four dollars are not unusual wages, together with room and board. On some of the cars conductors get four dollars a week, and run twelve hours, and have all their expenses to meet. And no house servant would stay an hour where she was compelled to devote every minute of time to work, and had no opportunity to

eat and improve herself in social and mental and religious occupations. The wages are too small for the duties done, for the hardships undergone to earn it. There ought to be a distinction in the price of renting a man and buying him.

And then another complaint which I make in behalf of these men is, that they are subjected to a degree of ignominious suspicion, surveillance, watching and examination that would prevent even a savings bank from stealing its depositors' money. Every man of them is presumed to be a thief and scoundrel, and they are encouraged to fidelity and extra zeal for their employers' interest by an ingenious set of checks and counts, and bells and punches, which say to them all the time, "We know that you are trying to steal that five cent piece. Sound that bell. Ladies and gentlemen, look at him. There stands a man who is such a thief and rascal that we can't trust him, although we have more of his money deposited with us than he is ever likely to have of ours."

For, bless your souls, this service is at such a premium that no man can get even a subconductorship without a regular car, and, perhaps, without any work at all for days and

weeks, he can't even be among those "who also serve, but only stand and wait," unless he can deposit $50 in money at the office of the Consolidated Company. For this deposit, upon which he gets no interest, he receives the privilege of carrying a bell-punch, hired by the company, to keep his hands from picking and stealing, and his tongue from evil speaking and lying, though it is not communicated to him thus in printed copies of the Catechism. After he has deposited $10 more for his tickets and equipments, he is allowed to go out to his fifteen hours' work, his $1 75 wages, and his restless, dinnerless, supperless fatigues. Why is it that the Consolidated Company requires so heavy a cash deposit from its employes? What other company holds so large an amount of deposit without paying for the use of it? John Shillito & Co. employ a very large force of employes, much larger than the Consolidated Company; they take them into responsible positions, where a large amount of firm property is constantly exposed to them; but I don't hear that that firm compels a cash deposit of $50, or any number of dollars, from those working for them. Fifty dollars is a very large amount of money to any man who has to work fifteen

hours for $1 75, and it must occasion very great distress to some of them to scrape together so much from the narrow circumstances of their domestic life. And what right has the company to keep money without some interest or bonus paid?

There are about a hundred conductors in the employ of the company, and they furnish the company a perpetual loan of $50 each, or $5,000. It doesn't make any difference whether the company uses the money or lets it lie in its vaults. These men who need the use of the money are deprived of it without any compensation. Five thousand dollars is not a large amount of money compared with the expenses of the company, but it is enough to pay the wages of all the conductors on the road for just about a month, and if the company invested the amount in 4 per cent. bonds of the denomination of $50, it would earn $200 to divide among the owners of them. A deposit is large or small in proportion to the means of him that makes it, and I suppose that in the majority of cases the conductors have more difficulty in raising this $50 cash than Mr. Springer has in paying the great sums which his large heart and benevolent purpose are constantly impelling him

to give to the city in which we live. For consider that the men who seek these positions must, in the nature of things, be unable to get work, and unable to remain idle. Their necessity compels them to go to work at once to get bread for their families and themselves.

Don't you suppose that $50 cash is almost a fortune to these men, and that many of them have to borrow at high interest, or pawn or sell the household articles to make up the amount? I know a good many people in comfortable circumstances who may not think this so hard, and yet would find it very unpleasant to advance that amount themselves, without anticipating some of their income. I don't know how it may be in other professions, but I imagine that among the 70,000 clergymen in this country, whose average salary is $2 a day, there might be a great many more vacant parishes than there are, if every call from a church required a deposit of $50 cash, and I am not sure but in the court house and colleges we might find some lawyers and physicians whom such a demand might temporarily embarrass.

So the substance of this complaint is that the company does not treat these men as men. They do not show them ordinary confidence.

They do not diminish the tremendous strain of the work by stimulating the nobler instincts of the workers. Every kind of commercial enterprise coheres only by some degree of mutual confidence. The statutes of trusts are good to appeal to, but behind them there lies the broad, universal common law of trust. Any man employing others has a right to introduce such a system of books and accounts as to prevent loss to himself, and insure accurate returns of his business, but when the commercial world resolves itself into a mutual detective organization and invents all kinds of new machines for watching and tracking the course of a coin, we shan't have much self-respect left in business. And, as a matter of fact, the conductors on street cars do feel the indignity of their treatment so much that when the bell-punch was introduced many left the service, and the great majority of them are utterly indifferent to the interests of their employers. I remember one of them said to me some time ago, "I don't think I ever felt any inclination to steal; my accounts have always been correct, but under this system, if I ever get ahead of the company, I don't think I should be very scrupulous." I don't endorse the morals of the observation, but

I thoroughly sympathized with the feeling that inspired it. When the harrow goes through a man's nature so thoroughly as to break up all self-respect, it can't leave much zeal and responsibility. Substitute clock-work of your own devising for the conscience of your employe, and the conscience will be pretty apt to think its occupation gone, and feel no pang when it sees your clock-work fail to register truly. Perhaps when the inventive age has culminated, we may find that the truest bond between employer and employed, the most thorough safeguard of fiduciary interests, is in the noble and manly reliance upon the sense of honor and duty stimulated and developed by kindness, courtesy, identity of interest in success, and due regard for the feelings and necessities of each other. It isn't denied that this confidence would be misplaced at times, and that losses would result, but so they do now in spite of all checks, and I am not prepared to admit that a society in which all men are supposed to be scoundrels is preferable to one where the presumption is the other way.

But I would not have you think that I have blindly defended the cause of these people without knowing anything as to the ability and

willingness of the companies to improve their hard life. Because a man has to work hard, it does not follow that he is oppressed.

I do not confuse hardship with injustice, and a corporation with tyranny.

I am perfectly aware that men who invest money in an enterprise expect some return for it, and I was careful to detail these facts as to the lives of the company's employes to the president of the company, Mr. Shoemaker, to Col. Bullock, the ex-President, and to the Superintendent, that I might know the other side of the question.

And just as I supposed, it was the old struggle renewed in the minds of the company, between interest and humanity. These facts, I was told, had been thoroughly canvassed, and everyone was ready to acknowledge the hardship, but then the company had to pay the men from its earnings and couldn't afford to pay any more. The old law proposition that corporations have no souls, if it be carried further than a mere suggestion of their immunity from the pains of death, and be made to intimate that they have no feelings and sensibilities, is not true. There is vast mischief in looking at great corporations and teaching people to look at

them as though they were automatic, and not controlled by men of human hearts and affections.

It is true that as the interests become magnified, more have to be consulted, and where there are a thousand of stockholders who derive a living from the corporate earnings, they have to be regarded by the managers, and the expense must be so arranged, as to make the earnings as large as possible. But I have met many directors of large companies, employing many men and I have always found, as I find in this case, that they see the suffering, and would like to relieve it, but can't make up their minds to pass a dividend.

Now, what are the facts which the officers of the Consolidated Company give as the reason of the company's present time table and wages? They say they can not possibly employ more men, nor pay more money.

The gross earnings of the company last year were $530,000, and the capital is $2,325,000. That is to say, the company earned 16⅔ per cent. of its capital invested, or said to be invested. Out of this sum they had to pay $28,000 interest on their debts, and the balance was expended on current expenses and the annual

dividend. The expenses of the company for every purpose during the year were $367,000, of which $120,000 were paid to conductors and drivers. The stockholders received about the same amount, $120,000, or a little over 5 per cent. Men are supposed to know about what they earn and spend during the year, and it will be seen at a glance at these figures that there must be some balance remaining to the credit of some fund, probably a fund for the redemption of the company's bonds outstanding. This difference of $43,000 between the gross receipts and gross expenses is something considerable, and the simple item of expense charged to the interest account $28,000, would be enough to employ one-third more men thus reducing the days' work to ten hours for each man. But, even supposing all the money earned, every dollar, was needed to pay the current expenses and this dividend, so that there should be no surplus of any kind. Yet it must be borne in mind that this capital stock on which dividends are paid represents, not the actual cost of the routes, but the amount at which their owners valued them when they came into the combination, and this valuation was, in some cases, so excessive that the treaty nearly failed. I use the language of the President of the company when I

say that the money invested is not more than is represented by the present quotation of the stock, say sixty cents on the dollar. So that the modest little dividend of 5 per cent. becomes really a dividend of 8⅓ per cent. free of taxes. That may be considered a pretty good investment, in days when money is daily turning by the millions into 4 per cent. bonds, because there is no better place to put it, and when there is nothing, bond, mortgage, note or lease, that honestly pays more than 6 per cent. when it has been taxed. The stockholders of the Consolidated Company, of course, feel as every one does in the same circumstances, that they don't get any too much, but it is clear that they get a far more generous share of the earnings than they ought to, while their service is so hard and oppressive. While writing this I have received a letter from one of the best and most trusted conductors in the service of the company that speaks for itself. He says: "I ask you to try and find me some other employment. I want to be at home in the evenings with my family, and I have only had one Sunday in twelve months to myself, and can never go inside a church," and then he goes on to specify what he is able to do.

Now, if this man had asked, the company

says, he might have had every Sunday. So he might, but while he rested he would have starved. The wages of six days were just enough to keep himself and family six days, and the seventh found his children as hungry as the others. The divine ordinance contemplated that six days' work should furnish seven days' food, and hence did not enact that hunger and other human necessities should cease to work upon that day. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do," was the command. But for these men, it reads: "Seven days shalt thou labor to do all that the company has to do." If the company were willing to take upon their investment a fair average interest for the use of their money—such an interest as most persons would be glad to get, they might easily pay fair average wages to their men, reduce their hours, and give them opportunity to live like human beings. The difference which would be made by paying $20,000 to the employes instead of to the stockholders, would be to two hundred men the difference between hunger and plenty, between prostration and elasticity of strength, between the toil that kills, and the labor that strengthens, between a life of servitude, and a life of self-respecting, free, and joyful service.

From the point of observation where the pulpit stands, the consideration of everything else than the humane and social aspect of such cases is not necessary. Perhaps, it may be said to do its duty when it points out cases of hardship and sufferings in men's dealing with men. But it is so easy, when such cases have been shown, to answer by pleading inability to remedy the matter, that sometimes it becomes a duty not only to show the evil, but also the way to cure it.

And at the bottom of all the evils of society, where men are buying and selling and striving to live together by mutually meeting demand with supply, lies the fundamental human instinct which the Gospel strives to break down and kill —that of selfishness. The divine beauty and necessity of *sacrifice* is certainly one of the great lessons which humanity learned from Calvary, and the power of Jesus Christ manifests itself in the world, or ought to manifest itself, by inducing men to relinquish their superfluities to the necessities of those who help them earn them. If some man wants to preach a sermon which shall make him famous, let him rise in the directories to which he may belong, and refuse to take a dividend, wrung from the nerves, and brain, and soul of the company's employes.

A few sermons of that kind would make splendid reading and hasten the day when the humanity of the race will, to a certain extent, eradicate the greed of the race. I say again, that I hope I shall not be counted among those who set up a cry against a corporation simply because it is strong and has no competition. So far as the citizens at large are concerned in this matter of the city railroad ordinance, it is unquestionably true, as Col. Bullock has said, that we are carried more cheaply in this city than the people of other cities are. No one objects to the price charged on the Consolidated road, and the people at large are willing that the railroads shall be properly treated. But they are undoubtedly open upon their own confession, to the charge of inhumanity and neglect toward their employes. When everything has been said for and against, there still stand those fearful facts, that there are men working steadily for them, day after day, week after week, sixteen hours every day, for an average of $1.62, that they have no confidence shown them, no time for meals, no promotion, no family life, no intellectual life, nothing to distinguish them from the brutes that pull the cars.

"The Betrayal of a City."

I propose to bring before you to-night some plain facts as to the city in which we live, and as to the cause which lies behind them. I make no apology for using the pulpit in an attack upon municipal maladministration, for I remember that it has been consecrated to the use of human society and good government by its most brilliant orators. Those who have been the most powerful preachers of divine mysteries have been most eloquent and earnest in denunciation of official corruption and crime in the society of their day. When Elijah spoke, Ahab trembled. When John the Baptist changed his utterance from the coming kingdom of God, to the present kingdom of Herod, he did not think himself chargeable with neglect of duty. When Paul, in the same letters in which he declared himself forgetful of everything but a crucified Savior, turned aside to an awful indictment of

the society of his day, when Chrysostom made the arches of St. Sophia ring with the story of wickedness, and directed the eyes of the throng to Eutropius clinging to the altar for protection from the city he had wronged; when Ambrose raised his crosier against Theodosius; when Bernard directed the conscience of Kings; when Bossuet before court and King, rebuked court and King; when John Knox stood alone, but more powerful than crown and nobility, in the Castle of Stirling—there was no timid utterance by men outside their official privileges.

The pulpit never has had, never can have, any narrower conception of its spirit than the old Roman slave had of his when he refused to "consider anything that belonged to humanity as alien to himself." There is a time when the voice of the people really swells into the voice of God.

I. First, then, it is perfectly clear that the city of Cincinnati is to-day in an abominable condition. I am not speaking now, and shall not speak, in any other way than as a citizen. I lay aside the question of religion, as much as it can be laid aside, and speak now only as any man may, who has a family and home, and interests in this city. I say it is in an abominable con-

dition. In every way. We spend every year three cents on every dollar that we own to secure the advantages of good government and protection in our health, and in pursuit of happiness. In return for it, we have a city as badly sewered, as badly lighted, as badly cleaned, and as badly governed, as any city on the continent. It reminds us of Dr. Johnson's gentle compliment upon the roast that was served him for *his* money, "It is ill-kept, ill-killed, ill-cooked and ill-served. But the sanitary condition of the city, important as it is in influence upon the health, and necessarily upon the morality of the people inhabiting it, is not so much my object now as the moral condition itself.

Within the last ten years there has been a vast impetus given to municipal pride by the splendid benefactions of its rich men. It is a thing to be proud of, that in one and the same city there should be so many men willing to beautify, adorn, and amuse the place of their business prosperity. But the succession of these splendid gifts has had the effect of inflating the municipal conceit to such an extent that it has become a mania with us that there is no other place but Cincinnati, and it must be so freed from all restraints, and made so attractive to

everybody that there will be continual streams of visitors to behold its wonders. It is constantly advertised as a curiosity shop. If anyone suggests that a certain bad custom better be changed, there comes up the whisper, "Don't touch that, it will hurt the brewers or some other great class, and they have ever so many millions of invested capital here." Well, where did they make their capital but here? But there are hundreds of thousands who shall visit the city and carry away free advertisements of this great industry, and we must not say a word. When Dickens was here, in 1842, he said our great fault was in forgetting everything else but making money. At first glance, it would seem that we had lost that ambition in the other extreme of seeking amusement, but we have not. We want to make this the Paris of America, because it will *pay*. Behind all the boasting as to our æsthetic condition and taste, the real argument that draws subscriptions to any æsthetic scheme is — it will *pay*. We have a great Music Hall, a splendid benefaction and monument which shall long be vocal with the praises of him who made it possible, but when subscriptions were asked to finish it, there was only one real argument: These festivals will draw thou-

sands of dollars to the business of the city. It is not a donation you will make; it is an investment. So with the Expositions, so with the Art School, so with everything that we publish to the world as indicative of our advanced culture and æsthetic tastes — there is the thin veneering on the surface, and underneath, the same shabby and overwhelming desire for money. Whatever the few may think of these refining influences, it is undoubtedly true that to the city at large, they are valuable as great advertisements. Probably no man in the city will speak more enthusiastically of the musical culture of the city than the peanut vender beside the Music Hall; not because he knows the difference between the "Creation" and the "Grand Dutchess," but because it enabled him to sell so many more pints of peanuts. Rise from him, through retail and wholesale business men, and you have the "Spirit of Cincinnati" as it really is. We have made vast strides toward culture, but the tastes of a great city can not be refined in a day.

But the result of this sudden mania for drawing people has resulted in a gradual change of all the moral conditions of the city. First, the Sunday ordinances went, because there were

many visitors on Sunday who might want to purchase, and who would want to amuse themselves. Then, many new kinds of attractions, before not permitted, began to multiply. The inclined planes made it possible, and it was a great blessing for thousands to spend an hour in the country, and so they must have places to go. Variety shows blossomed out everywhere. Gin palaces opened their elegant doors to catch this golden stream of visitors, this many billowed Pactolus. Red lights flared out from many stairways where the law closed the door, and the reckless hand of the gambler opened it. Houses of prostitution became infamously numerous and infamously bold, and, to-day, Cincinnati is the worst city on the continent, according to the testimony of those who ought to know. Said a St. Louis gambler, recently, "Gambling is about driven out of St. Louis and everywhere else, except in Cincinnati. Here is our best place." We have gained a reputation for this unparalleled immorality throughout the land.

II And when we go back to the facts in the case and ask how has this change come about, we find that the municipal laws are really the same, with the exception of the Sunday ordi-

nance repealed, that they were twenty years ago. All the authority which kept the city comparatively decent is now possessed by the municipal government. Don't let us for a moment imagine that the city is lawless, because the immoral shows and entertainments are lawful. Not at all; the ordinances on the city statute-book referring to entertainments are just as explicit, in the same language, as they were in 1850.

There is no need of legislation. It is not a question what we want the law-making power to do. The people have already expressed themselves as to the laws. They stand there to-day and are amply sufficient to accomplish the purification of this city. It does not make a particle of difference whether the enforcement of those laws make Cincinnati a Puritan city or a Sodom; while they stand unrepealed they must be executed. This divine right, which certain persons who claim to be censors of the laws, and to be so far above them as to say when it will be best to execute them, and when to ignore them, can not be recognized. The *Cincinnati Commercial* has one convincing argument which it throws off in a paragraph whenever the subject of reform is agitated: "When

these reform gentlemen have agreed as to the extent to which the reform ought to go, let us hear from them." The idea that men shall do nothing, until they are safe from error; that schools shall teach nothing, until they agree in the ultimates and penultimates of knowledge; that newspapers shall not agitate for reform, until they agree what reform is, is to crush improvement in its cradle, and array the scattered variations of human opinion against the compact and organized forces of evil. The Conscience of society is enshrined in its laws. It demands as the very first condition of their organic union that they shall be *executed.* When the laws are bad, the Social Conscience will protest, as it always has protested against them, and overthrow them by the same power which imposed them. How far shall the reform go? Just so far as the *laws* demand. They become the symbol of unity; they are the standards by which one man's excessive ideas must be lowered, and another's laxity must be corrected. Every citizen has a right to agitate for the change of the law, but while it stands, it is the will of the people, and the poorest man in the city has a right to have it executed, even if the government has to organize its train bands to gratify him. If

the men who are pleased with the present condition of the city, who regard any restrictive laws as smacking of a paternal government, want to occupy a consistent position, let them organize for a repeal of the present license laws, and let them agree with the *Commercial* beforehand, as to how far they want *their* reform to go. Of course, I do not propose that you shall take my assertion as to these laws and their want of execution. I propose to let you hear for yourselves what they are, and upon what officer they are mandatory, that you may see where the responsibility for this lawlessness rests.

III. The chief municipal officer of this city is the Mayor, and the Mayor at the present time* is Mr. Robert M. Moore. The law which creates him, instructs him. He is bound by the laws which he administers. The Mayoralty, though shorn of considerable power by the creation of the Police Board, is an office of great trust and influence. The Mayor is really the custodian of the morality of the city. He is the sworn delegate of all the citizens, paid by them to devote his time to seeing that the city receives no harm. When he was sworn in, he bound himself to well and truly execute the

*December, 1878.

laws of the city. What those laws are, ought to be his study. His first duty is to know his duty. The very first decree which he finds laid down for him, is the duty of issuing licenses for several different things. He is to license ferries, hackney coaches, hucksters, and all amusements of every kind for which money admittance is asked, or from which money is in any way derived. It is absolutely impossible for any man to give legally any kind of theatrical, or musical, or other kind of entertainment, to a paying audience, without the written permission of Robert M. Moore. There is only one exception, which never occurs. He is compelled to issue such license whether he chooses or not, if he is ordered to do so, by the City Council. But we need not consider such exceptional case. Every man who is to-night debauching the morals of the people by his vulgar shows, who is feeding the worst passions of the worst men, and stimulating those of better men, carries in his pocket the written permission of Robert M. Moore, the sworn guardian of the morals and peace of the city, and, among 300,000 inhabitants of the city, no other name would protect him. He holds a colossal power; he is the sole arbiter of the public amusements of this great

city. If Gulliver had gone from our cities to Laputa, he might have amused the King with this instance of absurdity of our public system. Does it not seem the height of absurdity that, in the choice of such an officer as the Mayor, we should be led by political considerations, and choose a man because he happens to be a Republican or Democrat? We might as well elect caucus candidates for bank directors, or a corrupt man for a trustee, because he was a Republican, rather than a pure man who was a Democrat. An office of such importance ought to be held by the most trusted man in the community, and no man should care what his politics are. But, as it is to-day, any man who can control the ward majorities in the primary elections is nominated and elected on one ticket or the other. New York and Philadelphia have risen against this absurdity and elected pure and honest men, and the most that I look for from this recently appointed committee, is that they will make it possible to vote for a representative man, a man who would be an influence in the Chamber of Commerce and in the moral interests of the city, when we shall have to elect the next Mayor. I have said that all indecent shows must be given with the expressed

approval of the Mayor, The statute is explicit. "Any person who shall exhibit for pay any theatrical or musical performance, of any kind whatever, without license from the Mayor, shall for each offense, on conviction before the Mayor, pay a fine of not less than $5, nor more than $100, with the costs of the prosecution. Of course when application is made for such a license, it is entirely subject to the Mayor's discretion. He may, or may not issue it, as shall seem best to him, even when the statute requirements are fulfilled. The law gives him discretion. And I suppose that it can not be considered a crime in the Mayor to lack discretion, even when the law gives it to him. From the foundation of the world, it was never heard that lack of common sense was indictable, although it may be worse than many a crime which is.

If the trouble with us was simply, that the law gives the Mayor power to choose what men he should license, and he had not chosen the best men, it would merely be his opinion against ours, and while we might censure, we could not impeach him. But the case reaches far beyond mere weakness and indiscretion.

(*a*) The Mayor ignores and disobeys the letter and spirit of the license laws every time

he issues a license. The requirements of the law are not considered. And if they were considered and executed there would be no necessity for this speech. Now look at the license system as the city ordinances create it, and as it is really administered.

The idea of the law is not primarily to raise a revenue, but to regulate and control the city. The law-makers knew how powerful was the influence of the amusements of the city upon the people, and they drew up a law which should insure the decency and morality of all such amusements. While they made the Mayor, as the most proper officer, the licenser, they by no means left it entirely to his wisdom as to whom these licenses were to issue. They required, and do to-day require, forms of application, which shall be guarantees to the Mayor, if he see fit to issue the license. Hear this strict statute:

"In the case of any license for theatrical performance, it shall only be granted to, and upon the application *in writing*, of the person or persons who shall have the actual control and direction of such performance, which application shall state the place or house in which it is proposed to conduct such performance, and the period for which license is asked, and shall be accompan-

ied by the recommendation, also in writing, of twelve or more respectable householders of the city, that such person is of good character, and fit and proper to have the control and direction of such performance. And when such performance is to be had in any place, not before regularly used for such purpose, such application shall also be signed by twelve or more persons residing within four hundred feet of such house, that the same is a fit and proper place."

By referring to the Mayor's record of licenses I find that on November 23, he issued three licenses—Spoerl's Opera House, on Central Avenue; Alberti's theater, on Vine street, and Bender's, on Central avenue. Under the above statute, how do you suppose those three variety theaters, the very worst in the city, ever satisfied the Mayor that they were decent and proper places of amusement? Who were the twelve householders who recommended any one of them? Stimulated by just such a curiosity, I made it my business to go to the Mayor's office, and find out. To my astonishment, I found that these licenses were issued to the applicants without a question asked; without any formal application; without a word in writing of either applicant or indorser; without a word as to

the uses to which the hall licensed, was to be put. The only record is, that so many dollars were paid, and the license issued. The whole spirit and letter of the law, which was intended to put up barriers against just such entertainments, are recklessly ignored and violated. The Mayor has actually so far forgotten that he is under the law, that he has issued licenses to the lowest dens in the city, without the legal formalities, and against the clear injunction of the law, and has issued them without price, as charitable enterprises.

On January 29, he issued a free license for six months, without any authority of law, and in direct violation of law in every particular, for a variety theater, in Cumminsville. The neighborhood, which by the law, ought to have been called on to recommend this place and person, was so annoyed, that they made formal complaint to the police authorities. Under their direction the place was invaded, and the proprietor produced his charity license, signed Robert M. Moore, Mayor. The same thing was done for Ryan. He paid $15 for permission to run the White House theater on Vine street, and out of the goodness of his heart and the plenitude of his power, the Mayor threw in a free

license to run the same kind of a den on West Fifth street. Is it astonishing that the city is becoming so immoral, that these vile sink-holes of iniquity, these licensed lazar houses grow and fester and spread, when the Mayor makes the law that was to crush them, the power to protect them, and esteems them so highly that he coaxes them into life as public charities and benefactions.

All the duties of the Mayor are specified on two pages of the city laws, and it is incredible that he should not know that he has no more authority to issue a license, except as the law prescribes, than any other citizen. Every license which he issues, bears upon its face the statement that it authorizes the bearer, "he having conformed to the statute made," and it is very questionable, it seems to me, whether such license is not void, so long as the statute is never considered nor conformed to, by any applicant.

(*b*) But the Mayor complains that he has no power, and where there is no power there can be no responsibility. He declares that the police authorities are responsible for any indecent or disorderly house, and that he can do nothing. But, while I think it to be very bad policy that separates the head from the arm of

the city government, and that the Mayor ought to be at least upon the Police Board, yet the plea is not good. The Mayor alone, can call these immoral amusements into being, and he alone can crush them. As he may refuse to license them, as he is compelled to refuse to license them without respectable indorsement, so he and he alone may crush them out, by a stroke of his pen. The long line of villainous pits that yawn on Vine street, might be closed up to morrow, if Robert M. Moore were willing to revoke the licenses which he has illegally issued, and they could not by any possibility revive again, except by his consent. The moral sentiment of this city is in his hands, and is paralyzed by his touch.

(*c*) Again, besides his violation of the law in licensing these places, and his failure to fill the law in revoking them, he is guilty of a third violation in not sending his licenses to the City Council for their consent or rejection.

The law requires that "the Mayor shall keep a record of all licenses issued, and shall make a monthly return of the same to the Council, and, if approved by them, the licenses shall be of full force and effect, but if not approved by them, the money shall be refunded and the license annulled." (Chap. 22, sec. 9.)

No such proceeding ever occurs. The Council, which by the law is made part of a city excise authority, and is vested with a veto upon every license of the Mayor, has been quietly ignored and set aside. As I was told in the Mayor's office, the Mayor thinks his power too much curtailed as it is, without setting the Council over him. But there is the law, just as specific as it can be, and mandatory upon the Mayor. The fact of the case is just this, the Mayor does just as he pleases. The law may not agree with him, but so much the worse for the law. The city may rub its eyes and wonder how it has so radically and rapidly lost its character; but the Mayor knows that what is everybody's business is nobody's, and he may continue to throw favors in the way of that large and powerful body of citizens who, at the elections, make up in personal activity what they lack in personal worth. The road to higher office may lie over the ruins of broken pledges, and through the dens of a demoralized city. I do not say anything derogatory to the present Mayor, when I say that he is ambitious. The man who uses one office as a stepping stone to another, is not apt to be particular whether he overthrows the stone as he leaves

it. From the day in 1870 when this same gentlemen, not then Mayor, made his speech to the Germans and his bid for the office, down to the time of his speech to the rioters on the Whitewater Valley road, and through his entire administration, he has been influenced by some occult power into a courting of the worst elements in the city. Not that I include the Germans in that term, for I have the highest regard for them and their orderly and thrifty ways, but I refer to that speech for the wonderful sentiments which it contained, and for the exposition which it furnishes of the inner spirit of its speaker. Nor do I wish to be thought harsh or disrespectful to Mr. Moore himself. I do not personally know him, but do not doubt that he is a genial and pleasant gentleman. All that is entirely consistent with my belief that he is a bad, inefficient, and negligent magistrate. It is in his public capacity that I criticise him, and there he is very vulnerable—has no defense. He no doubt found a loose administration of the municipal law when he was inaugurated, and was weak enough to go with the current, which swept him into complete disregard of it. The desire of propitiating all elements in the city has sacrificed the rights of all, and when he re-

tires from office, he may reverse the proud declaration of Augustus, and remember that he found a city clothed with the splendors of morality, and left it bedizened with the ornaments of prostitution. Now, this city is too great and too important to be sacrificed either to the ambition or weakness of any one man, and this whole question comes back again to the beginning. What are we going to do about it? The whole thing hangs together—Sunday question, gambling, variety shows, and cheap concerts, which become assignation houses. And the weight of the whole chain is upon the shoulders of Mayor Moore.

IV. Look at the Sunday question, which is entirely aside from what I have been discussing and look at it still from the standpoint of a citizen. In the old licenses, the former Mayors, always exercised the authority given them in direct terms, and specified upon the license that it was not good upon Sunday.

That authority still exists. If Mayor Moore wanted to, he could shut up the places which are notoriously and confessedly bad on every day, but especially upon that day when working men have most money, most leisure and most temptation.

While the general statute forbidding common labor upon Sunday is in force, he might well make, as his predecessors did, such an exception upon the authority granted. In some parts of Canada, the liquor laws, which license an unrestricted sale throughout the week, compel every saloon to close its doors on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock, and remain closed until 6 o'clock Monday morning. But this arrangement made in the interests of workingmen, and by the votes of workingmen, would seem to be too paternal for our climate, where the rights of the individual triumph over the rights of society, and any effort of sumptuary laws or restrictions is met by that quotation from St. Paul: "To his own master he standeth or falleth," let him alone. But to my apprehension, society in its aggregate is every man's master here, and social order has a divine right to prescribe what every man may do or may not do. If then, the interest of society at large require that all kinds of immoral and expensive amusements shall be closed on the day when the lower classes, I mean the less educated classes, would be most likely to plunge into dissipation and crime, the inclination of one class must give way to the wisdom and demand of others. I am not forgetful

of all that is said, and truly said, about the few pleasures of the poor, and the slight opportunities to get any sunshine from life except on Sunday. No man can sympathize with that, or with them, more than I. It is a blessed thing on Sunday to see the street leading into the green country full of them. The day when Cardinal Granville originated the saying, "That mischievous animal, the people," has been buried by three hundred times three hundred days.

All that is asked is that these same happy working-men shall not be regarded as the demanders of this kind of Sunday, into which we are drifting, and which will in time sweep away the civil enactments that free them from labor on that day. You can not separate the general amusement of one class from the general labor of another to furnish it, and in the end it will be as it always has been, the rich enjoying Sunday, and the workmen furnishing the means for pay. It will come just as surely as it has already begun.

In every Sunday theater, an army of laborers work for another army's gratification. The boy who carries the beer on Sunday, is certainly one of the laboring class. Where does he derive

the benefit of the general rest? And as he gives up his Sundays, to his employers' demand, as the baker bakes for his customers' demand, as the brewer brews, so the end of the system is in sight, and we may foresee the day when men, at the call of their employers, must take the pick and the shovel, and needle, and go to the lathe, and furnace, and shops, to create an additional day's supply for an additional day's demand, and the Sunday of the civil enactment as well as of the divine ordinance, will be a thing of the past. Those who are so eagerly clamoring for a Sunday of general amusement for the working classes had better study carefully whether that be not the way to deprive them of what little they now enjoy. Better for them that they should have personal liberty, to make their Sunday happy with their family, as they will, or in the many pleasures which nature and society afford, than that the wheels of business should be set in motion to amuse them, and in turn start the wheels to which their life is tied, and which are necessary to the happiness of others. It is a pity that the Mayor, who has followed the bad precedents of former Mayors, has ignored their better one, and struck out the clause which excepts Sunday from the ordinary

licenses. But I am aware that in this matter I can only charge him with indifference to the moral sentiment of the community, and not with any violation of law. It is a pleasure to mention those points where he is shielded by the law, for one can not find many of them.

Now, under such a statement of the law as it is, and of the practice as it is, it seems to me there ought to be some way to bring about a change in the condition of the city. I am not a lawyer, and do not propose to offer any legal propositions, but if there is nothing possible in this case but *moral suasion*, which the newly appointed committee propose to use, then we may as well enact a repeal of all our laws and elect some man to be a law for us. It can not be possible that in the arsenal of the law there is not some enginery to compel the specific performance of specific laws. And if there is any way to compel the Mayor to truly execute the license laws, which he violates, we should of necessity have a reform in a short space of time which would sweep away the numerous dens where young and old, boys and girls, good and bad, are getting the education which carries them to the gutter, to the dirk, the Police Court the Criminal Court, the penitentiary, the gallows.

Speculate as you will upon what shall be, or what might be, but never forget that the responsibility for this present state of municipal corruption, rests primarily and crushingly upon the weakness, ignorance and faithlessness of one man, who might have prevented it, and might now, by his own will, correct it; and that man is Robert M. Moore, Mayor of the City of Cincinnati.

The Curse of Tenement Houses.

So long as it seems to be determined by the masterly inactivity of the moral sentiment of Cincinnati, that godliness shall be driven out as an unprofitable visitor, I raise my voice to-night in behalf of that virtue which has been proverbially called her sister—cleanliness. If we can't be Christians, let us at least be *clean* heathens. If we must imitate Paris, in the headlong plunge into dissipation and vice, let us be thoughtful enough to penetrate into the secret of her sanitation, and hunt for a Haussman to clean and purify us. On this issue, I imagine, all opinions unite. It appeals to the health, safety, and interest of every citizen, and its importance can not be over-estimated. When the yellow fever was slowly creeping along the river this summer, there was a wide-spread and well-grounded fear that Cincinnati might be stricken with the pestilence. Its condition invited it. All the circumstances that combined to make Memphis

and New Orleans susceptible to the poisonous germs of disease, were known to exist here. The sanitary condition was abominable, and to-day it is as bad as it can be, and we may be sure of one thing, that the death-rate from contagious diseases will not diminish until some reform has been brought about. There are many distinct points in this question which will need discussion. But, to-night, I have selected one which I have taken pains to inform myself upon, and that is, the curse and the crime of the tenement house system, as it exists in Cincinnati.

We are the most remarkable people in the world for taking pains to find out, after epidemics or disasters, how they might have been averted and we are the slowest in guarding against those which are plainly impending. Under the spur of an awakened philanthropy, we sent $70,000, and much more than that, to the stricken cities in the South, but you can't imagine the difficulty with which an appropriation of $1,000 is passed, needed for prevention at home. We have spent $18,000,000 for a city railroad property, and paid last year $2,135,000 interest, and yet for the lack of a little money and wisdom, we let the city remain in such a condition, that it

may at any time be given over to an epidemic that will lose millions of dollars to the trade of the city. Any one of the Southern cities might well have taxed itself heavily before the summer, to prevent a fever which carried off so many citizens, and shut off all commercial relations with the world for six months. Any assessment, less than one-half the entire business of the city would have been economy. But I needn't go South for an example. We have passed through many epidemics in the last ten years, here in our own city. In that time, we have had three small pox epidemics, which killed thousands, and diverted much trade from the city. In 1868 and 1869, there were 871 victims to this disease. In 1871, it visited us again, and in this year and the next carried off 1,545 of our people. In 1874, after only two years absence, it again prevailed with greater virulence in every part of the city, created a panic in the business and social community, and died out after it had murdered 1,600 more victims. Alternating with the years of this dreadful scourge, were epidemics of fevers and cholera. In 1873, between the two frightful smallpox years, scarlet fever claimed 410 victims, and in 1874, 687. In that same fatal

year, 1873, there were more than 500 deaths from cholera. This is a terrible showing for a city like Cincinnati, which has all the natural advantages for health. What is the reason that St. Louis, which lies on a plain, and near the alluvium of mighty rivers, has a death-rate of only eleven, to the 1,000 inhabitants, and Cincinnati one of fifteen? And why is it that in 1876, the disproportion was greater even, the two rates being fourteen and a half to twenty-one and a half to the 1,000? When we come to answer that question, we shall find among other causes, the tenement house system in the more contracted city stands at the head. There is no more important matter which ought to occupy our time and attention than this, just at this season. Experience and fact foretell a repetition of the past so long as its causes are unchanged. We may certainly apprehend a pestilence in the coming year if we do not exert ourselves to remove its germs and material. Nay, we are now in the midst of an epidemic which has been slowly but surely developing for months.

From the unpublished report of the Health Officer for the year just closed, I find that scarlet fever has become general. From twenty-

four deaths in June, the increase has been marked. In July, twenty-seven; in August it fell to twenty-four again; in September, it was forty-seven; in October, fifty-seven; in November, seventy-seven; and in December, about 100. Total for the year, 422 deaths. How many cases there were can not be known. In the light of this statement read the news from New York:

"Scarlet fever has, to the consternation of the sanitary authorities, assumed an epidemic form in New York. During the month ending to-day, 718 cases were reported at head-quarters, each case necessitating a thorough disinfection of the places where the sufferers lay."

I believe that there could be no higher economic wisdom on the part of the city, than to take this matter of its health into serious consideration, and spend enough money to put itself in a clean and wholesome sanitary condition. I am aware there is a general lack of knowledge in the public mind of the relation between cleanliness and health, and there might be a well-grounded doubt of the necessity of more money, when we hear that the City Buildings consumed $8,000 worth of soap, and other sanitary articles in the year past. But

while it is gratifying to know that there is such a ravenous demand for those articles there, we must remember that the expenditure is needed elsewhere—in proper sewerage and drainage; in street cleaning; in garbage regulations; and above all, in the oversight and care of that vast and potential element of our population which lives in tenement houses.

NUMBER, SIZE, INHABITANTS.

When the health report of 1871 was made, there were somewhat over 1,400 tenement houses in the city, and the Health Officer tells me that there are at least 1,500 now. They are scattered all over the city, being thickest in the river wards and in the most poverty-stricken portions of the city. They are of all sizes, from the great building of ninety or one hundred rooms, down to those of two or three rooms. The tenement houses in the German quarter of the city are large and crowded, but clean and neat. So far as I am able to find out, they give cheap and healthy accommodation to those who seek it, and there is only one objection that can be raised against them, which is, that the inveterate opposition of the Germans to vaccination has made these otherwise safe and whole-

some houses, terrible charnel houses, whenever the smallpox has been epidemic. The reports show that, owing to the mistaken fear of the only preventive that is known, the Germans have always contributed the largest number of victims. But as this applies to them generally, and not to the tenement houses alone, it does not affect what I have said, that they have the tenement house system in about as good a condition as it exists among the poor anywhere. It is to those below the canal that the city must look, and if the public mind could be aroused to the state of affairs there, they would not be tolerated in their present condition for a week. I must not be understood to say that there are none but bad ones below the canal. There are some which are in excellent condition, and those in the very worst parts of the city. But the story of the others is fearful, is incredible to those who have no personal knowledge of them. I venture to say, not as a rhetorical figure, that Stanley might return from Africa, and see things in this city, as barbarous and filthy and sickening as anything he saw at the fountains of the Nile. Within a stone's throw of the most aristocratic portions of this city, where literature adorns wealth, and religion lifts its

splendid spires, and concentrates its richest blessings, there is another civilization, or rather absence of it, where thousands of human beings are crowded like cattle in the pens, and lose all the sympathies of humanity in a greedy struggle for their common pittance of air, and light and water. Here are the plague spots, here you may look with utmost certainty for the silent forces of disease which shall penetrate your house and strike down your child. Oh that society might learn that lesson; that neglected poverty has its instant revenge on neglectful wealth. The great pendulum of compensation swings from side to side. Competence sits by the fireside and reads of the tremendous suffering and disease among the poor, and gives a sigh that it is so, but regards it from every point but one of close personal interest. The suffering and disease, neglected, ripen and spread, and force their way through his doors and windows, and remind him by the hoarse sounds of death, that human society is a body, and that mortification of the smallest part, neglected, means death to the whole body. We may corral these Joes down in the Tom-all-alones, of our cities, but they leave their mark on the faces and the health of those we love

We may grind them down and ride over them, but they have the gigantic power of Sampson, and kill most, when they die.

I wish I could describe so vividly that the impression should outlast the thing itself, the misery and filth in some of these haunts. Of course, there are many things about them which, because they are so bad, can not be described, and must be left to the imagination as the worst part of the whole.

BIG MISSOURI.

On the west side of Sycamore street between Seventh and Eighth, stands a five-story brick building, which has been christened the Big Missouri. The origin of the name has not been made known to me, but I can find an excellent one in the fact that that river is loaded down with more mud and filth than any other in America. This building was originally a spice mill, and on the withdrawal of that enterprise, it was converted into a tenement house. It has ninety-five rooms, and has contained as many as 300 tenants at one time. The entrance to it is by a small, filthy alley leading into a court, on which open rooms on either side. Standing here in this court, in filth which is intolerable,

even in winter, we can look up and see the rooms of the five stories which front into the court. Rotten wooden staircases, without support, except the mortise in the walls, rise like frail scaffoldings, and are thronged by people on their narrow descents. Into this court is thrown all the refuse of all the rooms. There is but little decaying vegetation, because there are hungry mouths to act as scavengers even if there were any to decay. In this court is the one hydrant from which all must supply themselves, and when I visited the place the hydrant was frozen, and there was not a drop of water obtainable on the premises, the tenants having to carry it from Seventh street. But the rooms and the people are alike fearful to contemplate. The rooms facing the court have, of course, the light that comes in when the door is open, and some have one window, which is full of rags and papers, there being no glass remaining. The rooms are small, dark, unventilated, and rent for different prices, from $2.00 to $4.00 per month. But the rooms that stand away from the porches in the elbows are absolutely dark. There the tenants sit in darkness, or by the small light of a small stove, or in the close air of a burning lamp. Except in the front, there

is not a ray of sunlight ever penetrates into this swamp, and the walls exude water, and the black and dingy wood is in perpetual soak from year to year. Many had no article of furniture. In one room, two old women had made a fire, and every article in the room was a sack of rags in the corner, which was their bed at night; an old soap box, sawed in two, made two seats, from which they craned toward the fire. In another room lay a sick woman, dying from pneumonia, and all she owned was a filthy sheet, torn and ragged, which covered her. In another room, the very kind and tender-hearted inspector, who impressed me much with the delicacy and thoughtfulness with which he treated the people, pointed out to me an old woman. "She was dying last week in the cold snap," he said, "when I came into her room, she had no strength to strike a match, and was actually frozen and dying." But why multiply such stories, when one is just like the other. In half an hour, I saw and heard of every kind of suffering to which mankind is subjected, and moved among gaunt and spectral figures, carrying gaunt and spectral babies, until it seemed as if the fair world without were heaven itself. Now, you ask, why there is not something done to

abate such a nuisance. The general statutes of the State give the Health Board powers to act in such cases, but it is claimed that there is no appropriation to cover the cost of prosecuting. The law provides that, in case of a nuisance of this kind, the board may notify the owner or agent to correct it, and in case of his failure so to do, the board may proceed itself to make such changes and sanitary provisions as are necessary, and may cause the cost to be charged upon the tax duplicate against such property. The Health Officer, however, declares that the statute is impracticable in view of the appropriations made for his office. He would be compelled to advance such money for the work done, and also the cost of prosecuting the case before the Courts.

The Police Commissioners have struggled with the problem of this very tenement house of which I have been speaking. A year ago they sent a formal letter to the owner, advising him of the necessity of a change. Such action was made necessary by the letter from the then Health Officer, Dr. Kearney, from which I quote: "Gentlemen, I beg to direct your attention to the building, 247 Sycamore street, the condition of which is horrible in the extreme.

The building mentioned is used as a tenement house chiefly, and, as I am informed, contains ninety-five rooms, which are partly occupied by forty families, numbering about one hundred and thirty-five persons. These wretched people live in a condition of the utmost squalor, there being absolutely no provision for cleanliness, for the building has been without any water supply for many months." Then follows in detail the description of filthiness which can not be repeated here, and yet it does not begin to tell the story as it really is. "Many holes," he continues, "exist in the floors that are dangerous to limb, and in case of fire, the liability to the loss of life would be very great, for escape by the wooden porches and stairways would be apt to be cut off in a very short time. I will only add that the building is liable to become a hot-bed of disease whenever conditions favorable to the development of disease exist, and is now an outrage against decency and humanity."

According to the advice contained in this letter, the Police Board formally notified the owner to make the necessary repairs within ten days, and, although that letter was sent on January 17th, the building is as bad as ever. I am glad to say that the Grand Jury visited the building

recently, and, after inspecting it so far as they could endure the misery, they brought in a true bill against the owner, and he has his trial before him. But, in the meantime, the danger, and wretchedness, and lingering death go on behind that red wall that looks out upon a broad and handsome street.

Go from here down to Sixth and Culvert streets, and you may see another sight. Here stands a building, where want of area space has been supplied by burrowing under ground. There I found ten rooms sunk fifteen feet under ground, and some of them thirty feet, they being a cellar and sub-cellar — small, with no light, no air, wet, dreary dungeons, compared with which no jail could be worse. There one sees white wife and black husband, and black wife and white husband, sorting the refuse they have gathered from the city dumps, by the flickering light of a dirty lamp, while the city above them is bathed in the free, pure sunlight. There, in one room, just eight by six feet, without a window, lived husband and wife and one boarder. Across from them, in another closet of the same size, another family lived in darkness, and on the box used for a table, I saw bones reserved for dinner, that the dogs had

turned away from in the garbage heaps of the public streets. I am telling you facts, not surmising. I know this to be true; in the Christmas week of 1878, in the city of Cincinnati. For these dreary rat holes, these people pay $2.00, $2.50, and $3.50 per month. I could give you many instances of these tenement houses if the general effect of their condition would be enhanced by doing so. But from a bundle of recent and unpublished reports of inspectors to the Health Office, I will group the rest together.

The building northwest corner of Court and Main, forty-six rooms, occupied by eighteen families, with thirty-five children and thirty-nine adults. Total in forty-six rooms, seventy-four. In fair sanitary condition.

Building No. 89 Central avenue, three-story and basement. Number of rooms, twenty-two, occupied by eleven families and fifty-seven persons. Yard sloppy and unpaved. Porches rotten and dangerous. Sanitary condition very bad.

Third and Central avenue, twenty-seven rooms and forty-seven persons. Wall on Third street side considered unsafe. 126 Central avenue, twenty-five rooms and seventy-one people.

The reports go on in this manner, showing some in fair condition, some in good, and many in bad condition.

I have now put before you the facts as to these tenement houses, and it will not require much effort to show you that they are plague spots; that they affect the city in three different ways, and, aside from the humanitarian aspect which must present itself to every citizen, they appeal directly to us, as they are powerful factors in the health, the morality, the wealth of the entire city.

They develop and spread disease.

It would seem to be a *prima facie* presumption, that the miasmatic diseases should find their origin and material in localities where miasma is the greatest. When the circumstances are such that the inhabitants of a room inhale more cubic feet of air than the room contains, it is clear that they are soon inhaling an air poisoned with the gases of their own blood purification. Without light, without enough food or proper food, without any bathing facilities, and almost without water, without proper care of the sick and dead, it can not be a rational presumption that these people are not especially liable to sickness, and to zymotic diseases especially. Now, in the 1,500 tenement houses in Cincinnati, there are probably 30,000 people, and if there be not so many, we shall find some

startling facts as to mortality among them. There is, then, one person in a tenement house to every ten in private residences. Now, if the rate of mortality were the same between the two modes of life, it is clear that of the total mortality, only one in ten should be from tenement houses. But the report of Dr. Kearney of last year shows that of a total of 4,400 deaths in the city, 2,700 died in tenements, and only 1,200 in private houses, so that, instead of one-tenth of the mortality, we see that these 30,000 persons contribute more than twice as many victims as the remaining 270,000 of the population.

In 1874, the total mortality was 5,300, and the tenement houses furnished 3,200 of them, while private residences lost only 1,200, or but little more than one-third as many. In 1875, the proportion varies but little — 3,100 to 1,300. This was the year when the smallpox made its third visitation since the organization of the Health Board; and Dr. Quinn, in his report, says: "Two thousand five hundred and eighty-two cases were reported during the year. From August, 1873, until January, 1875, no fatal cases occurred in the city. During the fall and winter of 1874, smallpox was prevailing in an adjoining city, with which our own had daily, con-

stant communication. About the beginning of 1875, it made its appearance in Cincinnati. The first two cases occurred among tramps seeking shelter during the winter in the city. The two places where they were, were immediately closed, cleansed, disinfected, and fumigated. The disease, however, started northward from these two points, being dislodged by measures enforced by the sanitary police, until it reached the territory north and east of the canal. Here it found victims and shelter in the many overcrowded tenement houses with which the district abounds. At a later period, cases traceable to communication with this district, appeared in the lower part of the city."

In 1873, the cholera was epidemic here, and of this plague Dr. Quinn says: "In the portion of the city where the mortality was greatest, the tenement houses were numerous and population dense." Of the deaths from the cholera, 34 were in private houses, and 142 in tenements. These tenement houses in which deaths occurred were 131, containing 734 families, and 2,900 persons."

These tenement houses thus become centers of disease. Their inhabitants make their influence felt in every part of the city. In San Fran-

cisco, I have seen one tenement house where there were 1,500 Chinese living in squalor and dirt, but they were, to a certain extent, isolated from the general community. They were not scattered daily in close contact with all elements of the city population. But here, the children come from these sinks and mix with the thousands in the public schools, here, men and women issue from these lazar houses and are found in saloons and stores and churches, and at the doors of the rich. We do not know anything about the diseased patient dying four miles away from us to-night, but the noxious influence may be carried "on the sightless couriers of the air," and make itself active in our home and life.

On the ground of municipal and private disease, then, I hold up these tenement houses to public condemnation.

Our city has an unenviable number and condition of them, owing to the contracted area of the city between the river and the hills. Dr. Clendenin says, in his report for 1870: "There is no city in the United States in which a larger proportional population is crowded into tenement houses—badly arranged, illy lighted and ventilated—than Cincinnati. There are many of

them without one square yard of air space, excepting that used as an entrance."

VICE AND CRIME.

There are no statistics by which we can say exactly how large a proportion of criminals come from tenement houses, but it must be very large. Those quarters of the city which have the most unenviable reputation at the police office are the ones where these overcrowded tenements are found. The plane on which those people live is so low, and so devoid of all comfort and respect, that the calls to crime become urgent. Every temptation becomes fiercer, every passion is inflamed, the demand of the moment must be gratified, and it is no nice question of casuistry or social order which governs them. What claim has society upon them? they reason. They lose all the checks upon vice which are found in a well-ordered society. Reputation, wife, children, religion, what are they to twenty families living promiscuously among themselves, and daily familiarized with every possible wickedness and vice? When men starve in gloomy cellars, they must be rarely virtuous if they shrink from a penal act which will give them clean food and air in the public

institutions. As a municipal economy we would better make our jails and penitentiaries less comfortable, or our poor quarters more so. From these houses go out the thieves and burglars, thugs and brawlers, the terror of quietness and peace. By its own necessities, this great element is made a standing menace to a society which ignores and despises them. They are the Faubourgs of to-day. On the ground of municipal and personal fear of lawlessness, vice, and crime, I hold up this tenement house system as it is in some cases, to public knowledge and condemnation. The vast expense of reformatory schools and public institutions, penal and charitable, would shrink rapidly if more were spent at the other end of the scale. Let us try the experiment of anticipating the crimes which we are so heavily taxed to punish.

EFFECTS ON BUSINESS AND PROPERTY.

Again, this large element stands as an unknown quantity in all the calculations which money makes in seeking an investment. Of course, all values of real estate are depressed in the neighborhood of great tenement houses, but I do not refer to that fact so much as to the disturbance of trade, by the breaking out of epi-

demics in this class of people. As there is no sanitary care of them, as there is practically no oversight of them, no man who goes into business can say whether his trade will not be shut off for months by quarantine or by general panic.

The volume of business done in Cincinnati in the last ten years has been largely affected by the general health. As we trade largely with other cities, the mere rumor of epidemic disease here has been enough to divert trade to other cities. Even money interests give way to personal safety, and men will pay more for produce or merchandise in a healthy town, than in an infected one. The small-pox epidemic of 1874 undoubtedly decreased the business of 1874, and every calculation which we may make, as to the prospects for 1879, must be based upon the supposition that there will be no unusual sickness. Should there be an epidemic, it will, just in proportion to its spread and malignancy, paralyze commerce, and country orders will go elsewhere. Stock on hand will accumulate and depreciate, and there will be a general acknowledgment of that truth which no one acts upon beforehand, that half the money lost by the pestilence might have prevented it and its attending sorrow and grief. Some of the Southern cities

have lost branches of their trade forever, and it will take years for any of them to recover what they have lost. The nation has sent a Fever Commission to the South to find out the causes of the pestilence, but it would have saved the nation millions of dollars if it had sought that knowledge earlier, and there is no kind of municipal wisdom which would so exalt Cincinnati, as a thorough sanitation of the city, and the expenditure of enough money to remove all the known causes of epidemic diseases.

What the manner of proceedings should be, may to some extent be doubtful, but there are several plain suggestions which are beyond cavil. Of proper sewerage, and drainage, and street-cleaning, I do not speak now, because I propose to inform myself upon these matters carefully before I discuss them in their turn. But some different management of tenement houses is imperatively demanded. The city should require the owners of such property to keep them in good condition.

It is not a hardship that the government says to a steamship company that proposes to carry large numbers of passengers, "You shall limit your passenger list to your accommodation, and you shall not turn your wheels until you make

proper provision for the safety and health of your living freight." What a universal cry went up a few years ago, when the facts as to the steerage accommodations of some of the lines were made public. But what is an overcrowded steerage, with all its misery, for two or three weeks, compared with an overcrowded tenement house in more infamous condition from year to year, than any ship that rots? The law which applies to all common carriers of human life ought to apply to these anchored vessels, these moored ships. The danger is great enough, the element exposed is large enough, the suffering is marked enough to call for a Board of Tenement Inspection, with means and power to compel a reform in the system. Not a single house should be allowed to take tenants until it had made provision for light, ventilation, water, and sanitary convenience. But you say it wouldn't pay the proprietors. It doesn't pay them now. With all the misery of these worse houses, the income barely pays the taxes. Better houses could get better rents, and the system would rise together onto a higher plane. But it is not a question for the public whether such a legal requirement would compel a loss of money to the owners or not. There is

a far higher question — that of the safety of the community and the protection of the poor.

It is infamous that a people who cry out so loud against inhumanity should nightly go to sleep under the same gaslights with such an inhuman system as this. If it cost the city a vast amount to reform it, it would be a matter of economy, of decency, of humanity, of civil pride, to do it. It would be the greatest exposition ever city gave. But it would cost very little more than the official salaries and the amount necessary to prosecute under the present laws. This last year we spent only $16,000 for all sanitary purposes. For the same purpose in 1873, we spent $39,000, in 1875, $40,000, and in 1874, $51,000. Why have we struck off so much from the one fund which needed it? We still spend $13,000 a year for printing and useless advertising. Look over the daily papers and see column after column, day after day, filled with city and county advertisements, swelled and padded with legal phraseology, which ninety in a hundred don't read, and couldn't understand if they did. All this we have to pay for at prices far beyond what it could be done for, when the Health Office is crippled in doing a work that is absolutely necessary. Our Parks cost us just

about as much this year as the entire Health Department. Our gas costs us thirteen times as much. We need no more taxes, but a proper application of the money already raised.

I am done. Agitation lies behind all reforms. I do not anticipate any immediate results from an effort like this. I remember Moore's well-turned remark: "The minds of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract when light is poured into them." But I have confidence that facts like these brought constantly before an intelligent and sympathetic people will grow more and more luminous, and compel attention and action as they appeal to the humanity, to the health, to the safety, and to the pecuniary interest of every person in the city. There was a vast interval between Demosthenes and O'Connell, but every permanent reform in the masses is born from the mottoes of their lives, reversed in order. It is agitation repeated and repeated again, which compels action similarly thorough.

CHURCH AND THEATER.

It is interesting to notice the diversity of opinion which men express upon the present condition of society. One man gathers up statistics of the actual facts, and makes a most appalling array of figures to show that we are living in the most corrupt age of human history. Another takes a wider view of the field, analyzes the forces and circumstances, and shows that, on the whole, we are vastly better than our fathers. Whatever view we may adopt as to that, I think it is clear that if we have plunged into lower depths of vice than the England of the Restoration, or the France of Louis XV., we have developed a power of religious activity which the world has never known. But the true way to estimate the progress of religious influence is not by the statistics of its individual converts, although to convert the individual is its highest end It might be an accelerating power and yet diminish the

number of its disciples in any one generation. To estimate it rightly, we must look to its effects upon the permanent forces of society, and notice where the conflict has left it with respect to those warring principles against which it must forever stand. Has it crushed any, neutralized any, won over any to its side?

APPARENT ANTAGONISM.

From the earliest days of the Christian Church the theater has been regarded as one of these permanent antagonisms to spirituality. The Church and the Stage have raised their separate standards and fought out this battle of the centuries, with alternate success. Now what is the attitude of the religious community to-day as to the theater? It is one of wide ranging inquiry as to the fundamental ideas of of the two opposing forces, and why they are opposing. And as the inquiry is pushed deeper and deeper through the stratified, hereditary animosities, it is becoming evident that, however these two principles may differ now, they are not antagonistic in their idea, and have a common origin in the needs of humanity. We see that the Church and the Theater could not have been born from antagonistic ideas.

1. Because they were primary forces in civilization.

The faculty of imitation is hereditary in man and pantomime precedes speech in his history, painting and sculpture, which are action in stone or color, are coeval with language and gesture as vehicles of thought.

The most consummate actor in the world is the infant, who has desires without a vocabulary to express them, and creates the means by his own dramatic skill. If any one wants to see powerful acting, let him visit the asylum of the deaf and dumb, and he shall see passions depicted and knowledge transmitted, and all amid the silence of the grave, by the play of muscles and organs. So it must have been in the early ages of the race, while dialects were developing and men depended upon signs and actions to reach common understanding.

2. They cannot be antagonistic in idea, because the idea of each is to instruct, elevate and solace mankind. This needs no developement as to the church. But it is undoubtedly true as to the theater. As an agent to stir the emotion and suggest action, it is wonderfully potent. Coleridge said that to see Kean in Macbeth, was to read the play illuminated by flashes of

lightning. It makes all the senses inlets of knowledge instead of the eye only. There has never been any power on the earth so grand as that which Edwards and Massillon wielded from their pulpits, which could sway the masses from their feet. It is a mightier power than the sacred oil at Rheims can give, and one which is the divine right of the King or Ableman, as Carlyle says. But it is the province of the actor to call them back again, and thrill other audiences by the reproduction of their oratory. Colley Cibber expressed this when he said: "The most a Vandyke can arrive at is to make his portraits of great men seem to think. A Shakspeare goes further and tells you what his pictures thought. A Betterton steps beyond both, and calls them from the grave to breathe, and be themselves again in feature, speech and motion." He must be a man of strangely sodden character, who does not have his conscience fired by the remorse of Macbeth, or his better sympathies aroused by the stormy sufferings of Lear, or his soul broadened by the disgust which the Venetian Jew excites. I have seen hundreds of strong men wiping from their eyes the evidences of their tender-heartedness for Irving's outcast upon the Catskills.

Many a man who saw Ross play George Barnwell, was reformed by his influence, and it is not too much to say that powerful acting may have turned many a man toward the church, whom the church never could have reached herself. For the ideal power of the theater, is in the way in which it carries home to the heart of man great moral truths, which he knows, but regards as abstract things. It is one thing for a man to hear that there is a remorse which inevitably follows vice, and another thing to see a grand master of tragedy pass through the stages of that remorse.

BOUND TOGETHER.

3. They can not be antagonistic, because they are bound together by material and filial bonds. The religious element in man developed and matured the drama, and, as we shall see hereafter, has used and handed it down to our own day. It is worth noticing that the grandest of all dramas that man has ever seen was one where God Himself spread out the theater of the universe, that His servant, Moses, might see reproduced the primeval darkness and the flashing light, the birthday of earth and sky and sea, the beginning and the current of human life, with

its differing acts of love and hate and murder and remorse.

4. They can not be antagonistic, because they are each demanded by the instincts of our nature. If appetency be sufficient to prove the rightfulness of gratification, if divine and infinite realities, like God and immortality, are made sure to us because we can not otherwise account for the soul craving after them, we may reason in the same way from the universal desire to enjoy the drama, to the divine intention that it should be gratified. Those who most conscientiously abstain from the theater, are often the very ones who most desire to go.

OBJECTION TO THE THEATER OF THE PRESENT.

II. I have been speaking now of the theater in *its idea* without regard to its condition. But, in reply to these reasons why the theater ought to be an adjunct to the church, it is urged that, as a matter of fact, the influence of the theater is bad and antagonistic to the growth of purity and religion, and this for several reasons. We may group these under one general head, which brings up the entire history and present state of the stage, and we will consider them together with the concessions and extenuations which

are urged in behalf of the theater. It is urged:

The theater has not been for generations, and is not now, true to its idea of instructing the moral sense of mankind. It has lost its ethical character, and appeals now to the most prominent and yet most basilar human passions — the sensual. This, I think, must be admitted to be true in regard to the theater in its general condition, however we may doubt it in some cases.

That type of theatrical performance which is most common, and which is at the furthest remove alike from ideal drama and christian purity, is the very one which, by its cheapness and gaudiness, attracts the ignorant and poorer classes. But there is very great force in the answer which is made by the managers of our theaters to this attack. They tell us that in their business, like every other which depends for its life upon popular favor, the tone of the drama is inevitably determined by the tone of the people who frequent it. The great mass of religious people resolutely abstain from helping them. Instead of casting the great weight of the religious sentiment of the community in favor of a pure and moral and elevating drama, they simply withdraw and leave the managers nothing to do but lower the performance to the

tone of those who will go. They do not deny the facts urged, and, as far as I can see, the prominent theater managers throughout the country have a sincere regret that they are so, and a sincere desire to change them if they can be encouraged. When Edwin Forrest was speaking on this subject, in New York, in 1846, he said:

"One of the wishes nearest my heart has ever been that our country should one day have a drama of her own — a drama that shall have for its object the improvement of the heart, the refinement of the mind — a drama whose lofty and ennobling sentiments shall be worthy of a free people, a drama whose eloquent and impressive teachings shall promote the cause of virtue and justice, for on such foundations must we rely for the perpetuity of our institutions." And only last week one of our most successful managers in this city, reviewing the dramatic season, tells us that he lost money upon every attempt he made to furnish a respectable and unobjectionable entertainment, and concludes by saying, what every man can see is true, that if there is no change in this state of things, the better theaters will have to stop and leave the entire power of the stage with the variety and vaudeville halls.

HOW TO REFORM THE THEATER.

We Christian people ought to notice this. It is not a question whether the theaters shall be reformed or perish. If it were, there might be some reason in leaving them to their doom. But it is whether they shall be helped in their endeavors to reform, or helped in their downward plunge to the low level of an undermining force. There never yet was an institution reformed by leaving it alone. The only way to recover the great power of the stage in the spread of moral truth, is by taking hold of it—by saying to those who manage it, we will support you in your efforts to clothe it again in its ideal purity, and to call it back again from its sleep of death and corruption, tearing away its napkins and cerements, and bidding it go forth upon a new and bounding life. That is the one and only solution of this question. The Christian sentiment has blindly put the entire drama under its anathema. It has practically made no distinction between the highest efforts of Booth, and the lowest ballet performance in a beer hall. It was not always so. There was a time, when one of the purest-minded Christians who ever triumphed over an abnormally passionate nature

gave the drama the power of his support, and Samuel Johnson and David Garrick were found together in the green-room at Drury Lane. It is unfortunate that the religious sentiment as to the theater is largely shaped by the tremendous philippics of the early Church fathers, and the no less tremendous attacks of the Puritans and Jeremy Collier in England, while the circumstances of those eras are not recalled. We think that the drama of to-day is about as bad as possible, but the history of the stage is a wonderful drama in itself. It first appears as an art, with Thespis, who has given it his name, and who performed his plays from a wagon, some 500 years B. C. Æschylus was the father of the drama, being, like Shakespeare, both author and actor. He, and Euripides after him, brought the stage in its essentials to what it now is. Instead of a single declaimer, who spoke the different roles in succession, they introduced an actor for each role. Everything that pertains to the theater of to-day, was then in use. Before these great dramatists there had been lewd and Bacchanalian ballet plays, and here was the first great reform—as great a one as that which is demanded to-day. When the force of these great men was expiring, Rome swept over the

earth with her bloody armies, and the taste for the arena and gladiatorial shows crushed out the last spark of old dramatic art. It was these bloody shows upon which Paul looked through the bars of his Roman prison.

WHAT THE FATHERS DENOUNCED.

When the fathers of the church were so severe in their denunciation of theatrical performances, it was not only because they were frightfully immoral, so much so that the heathens themselves were ashamed of them, but because they were conducted as religious orgies before Bacchus, and were known as his worship. When that feature was abolished after Constantine's conversion, the canons of the church no longer forbade attendance upon them, although they suggested doubts of the expediency of so doing. During the middle ages, the only theatrical performances were the miracle plays and mysteries and interludes given by ecclesiastics in churches and convents, and we may regard this period as one in which the drama was true to its ideal of instructing the people in letters, and morals, and religion. Upon this era rises the era of Shakespeare, who really created the English drama. The first

theater in England was built during his life, and he was the first and the grandest of the long line of playwrights among whom, out of much that is bad, will shine forever the genius of Congreve, Van Brugh, and Sheridan, of Corneille, Moliere, and Racine, of De Vega and Calderon, of Alfieri, of Lessing, Kotzebue, Schiller and Goethe. The most of these great men labored for a pure drama. I like to think of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, eagerly discussing how the stage might be made pure and honorable, and determining that the plays should be moral, even if no one came to hear them but themselves. In England, the mighty genius of Shakespeare had hardly time to assert itself before the period of the commonwealth swept away everything, church festival and Church, kingly power and King, playfulness and stage plays, before the torrent of Puritan austerity. When the reaction came at the Restoration, the stage, like every other suddenly freed force, became uncontrollable in its wildness and licentiousness. In our day, we can't conceive the depravity which was universal then. Then Jeremy Collier stood up and spoke in words that echo to our day in behalf of a purer and better stage, and Macauley says he

effected so much that "a new race of wits arose, who treated with reverence the quality which binds society together, and whose very indecencies were decent when compared with those of the last forty years of the seventeenth century." Since that time, to our day, the drama has been alternately falling and rising, and we are set to solve the same problem as the generations that are gone. "How shall we raise up this fallen giant without being crushed by his weight."

THE TWO POWERS.

Here stand the two powers, the Church and the Theater. In the Church are gathered the intelligence, the wealth, the moral sentiment of society. What she wants is to reach the vast laboring element, and all over the country she is discussing that question, how to fill her buildings with the ignorant and the poor. The theater, crowded with this very element from pit to gallery, is earnestly asking how it can secure the help and support of that part of the community which is found in the church, which promises permanence and the hope of something better for the stage's future. The only hope that the church can ever plant herself firmly in the sympathies and hearts of the

toiling millions, is that she can first reach them, and where can she ever reach them except as she creates a common standing ground for them and herself in the amusements which they crave and she sanctifies. There is no antipathy in the heart of any man to the sacred influence of the man of Nazareth. The men who shall gather to-night, even before the footlights of our lowest dens are men who once slept upon a mother's breast: are men who have organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, as a Christian hath.

Let it be the church's work first to provide amusements for these men, to encourage those whose business it is to furnish amusements, to see that in the place of that which now poisons them and society, they shall have opportunities to attend better plays for the same money—make these men rise to higher levels by seeing how splendid are their natures, and what vast ambitions and potencies Shakspeare found and sung in just such men as they are. When once they learn that religion is not a hard and cruel stepmother, who will fill their lives with misery, and take from them what little pleasure they can cudgel out of life between sundown and bedtime, but that she is really their mother, seeking nothing so much as means

to improve and elevate and cheer them in this life as well as the world to come. Then will many voices rise inquiring for that religion which is throwing sunlight upon stony roads, and that old story of the cross, breathed subtlely through the joys of men, shall not be forgotten in its faintest echo in their sins and sorrows.

A REVOLUTION IN THE DRAMA.

I preach to no man to violate the dictates of his conscience, but I ask if it is not in the hands of the religious people of to-day to create a revolution in the drama by emphasizing its approval of the good, and continuing and redoubling its warfare upon the bad. Do you say the actors are so bad? Many of them are grand men in all the emotions that underlie the Christian virtues, and it is a narrowness of mind which, because of their profession, writes them all down at once as greater sinners than others. Music has not always refined its followers, and Poetry, which can make an ideal world for man to breathe in, has numbered among its sweetest singers many a Byron and a Poe.

The theater is not so bad but that it may be reformed—is not so bad as it has been, and yet been reformed. We have wonderful encour-

agements to believe in its future for good. The immortal productions which shall last like adamant are noble and soul-inspiring. Those which are impure and bad have death written on them in their cradle. Those plays which any man or woman may look upon to-day, and rise the better for having seen them, are the same ones which, in the years that are gone, made our ancestors tremble or laugh when Garrick or Foote, or Betterton or Kean, or Booth or Forrest, were the actors. And they are the same plays which, presented by a long line of dramatic kings, shall thrill generations yet unborn. The desire of managers and actors already is, as might be supposed, to give a pure and reformed drama. The religious sentiment, which might be so potential, is neutralizing itself by persisting in its generic condemnation, while its people are individually making their own election in the matter. The Church never yet has made such grand progress as she will make when she learns to discriminate wisely between the amusements which kill and those which recreate, and understands the depth, and height, and length and breadth of that saying of the Apostle, that the first "fruit of the spirit is joy." I feel deeply the outrage of that long tradition that the Gospel

of Jesus Christ cannot fit men for another life without unfitting them for this one. It has the promise of this life as well as the one to come, and he sees but a sorry corner of it, who thinks it ought to freeze up the emotions and joys of his soul. We are grown wiser in this regard. The Puritanism of to-day is the ungodly liberalism of two centuries ago.

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of man are widened
> With the process of the suns."

THEATER REFORM ASSOCIATIONS.

There are "Theater Reform Associations" both in the English Church and our own, headed by large-minded and broad-sympathied men. And when the Bishop of Manchester spoke on this theme from a theater stage some months ago, he was listened to by thousands who bid him God-speed. If we are to reform the stage, and it be worth reforming, we must go down to it, and foster its own inherent principles of good. It can never be done by preaching at it as a foul and leprous thing. I wonder if the Master meant to teach His Church a great principle when, instead of remaining apart and speaking the word, He went out and laid His hand upon the leper's pestilential body? Whether He

meant that the noblest of her powers was to seek the diseased and death-creating forces about her, and by the divinity of her touch and the sympathy of her love gain them back again in purity and cleanliness.

PRACTICABLE MODES OF REFORM.

It is too early yet to suggest the different modes of reform which are possible, but there are some which seem practicable, and which have worked well in other cases.

First—There is the great power of religious sentiment which ought to sustain, by personal support, all that is pure and good in the present drama. There are many plays which need not call a blush upon the purest maiden's cheek. But let no one mistake me. To your own conscience you stand or fall, and if it be true, as it may be, among the varying temptations of varying natures, that the theater rubs off the enamel of your spirituality, then you are not called to this work.

Second—The Church can begin to supply the poorer regions of the city with cheap and moral entertainments which shall break up the fearful dens of vice which now gather them in. She has already put her temperance eating houses

and reading rooms beside the dram-shops. Let her create a clean, instructive and entertaining theater, and see that it is preserved so, and a dozen miasmatic ones will droop and die. Men want amusement, but, other things being equal, they want the good and pure, where they can take their families with them.

There are many suggestions which will arise when the work is really begun, but it is very certain that the same personal and continual labor and expense which are used in the hundreds of prayer-meetings in the city, where none go but those who manage them, might, in a year, do much to reform the theaters.

It will not do to say there is no necessity to act. One of the most beautiful of earthly temples, venerable with age, worn by the footsteps of many generations, crowded with the slumbering echoes of the sighs and joys of our ancestors, has become an iniquitous den. Let the church, like her Master, enter the polluted place, not to destroy, but to cleanse. And we may see from this temple of the sanctified pleasures of man, what Ezekiel saw from another temple—fresh waters flowing downward to a desert, and making everything green where its current comes.

Common Sense in Funerals.

We live in an age of rapidly multiplying facilities. Everything necessary to life is far cheaper than ever before. Reforms have followed each other so rapidly, that men of very small means can live decently and comfortably, and keep out of debt. No man is called upon by a false sentiment to live beyond his means, unless it be his own false sentiment of pride.

All the expenses of his family living he may arrange to suit himself, and he will find thousands living on the same scale. But when he is called upon to bury any of his family, he finds no longer the same choice. He is shut up by social custom to an expense and display of his grief, which shock him. I do not hesitate to say that in this matter of burying the dead, we, the most civilized people of the earth, are far behind the people of two thousand years ago. It is a subject calling vociferously for reform, and that cry must be heard in the Church,

to which the care of funerals has been entirely delegated. It is astonishing how powerfully habit forms and crystalizes about society. A man goes to the funeral of some simple-minded, unostentatious man who has lived with him quietly and economically, for thirty years. He knows that he disliked all display, was retiring and modest in his character, and wanted to be known for what he was, not for what he had. His friend notices the elaborate funeral, with its great display and cost, goes home, and wonders that people can be so extravagant and so forgetful of the habits and disposition of the departed; inveighs against funerals as they are now conducted, and when he loses a member of his family, unhesitatingly and as he thinks generously, says to some friend, "See that everything is done in the very best manner," and another link is riveted to the chain of custom.

Men are afraid of censure, if they break through this ordinary extravagance. Men who have been remarkable for their affection and love, and who are well known to be heart-broken at their great loss, are yet afraid to do what decency, and common sense, and due regard for the living dependents upon them demand, because some one will say, they lacked

affection. What an absurd thing it is that men should involve themselves in debt because an undertaker tells them that less expense would be remarked upon. What an astonishing thing that men who are brave enough to stand up against the demands of an artificial society in everything else, do not care a particle what people say of their manner of life, so long as they themselves know it to be an honest and sensible way, cannot resist the most preposterous of all its artificial demands when it clamors for obedience to its funeral customs. Of course the rich do not feel this outrage as do the poor and middle classes. But unfortunately, there are far more poor people to follow, than there are rich people to set the fashion; and upon them this matter of burying their dead has become a grievous hardship, and must be reformed. The only way to reform it is to show the unreasonableness of it, and to inspire some one to begin a new and decent habit, which shall gather about it the strange power of a precedent.

If in Cincinnati a half-dozen men, known for prudence and common sense, were to proclaim that they knew how to show decent respect for their dead without indecent disregard of the living, the whole system at present in use, built

on shadowy necessities, would roll itself up and disappear. What is it that every man feels to be the object of a burial ceremony? It is simply this, to reverently and sorrowfully lay the body in the ground. Stripped of all ulterior thoughts, that is the ideal funeral which accomplishes this object with least grating upon the mourner's sensibilities, and with most simplicity impresses upon the living, the lesson of mortality. Compare the accounts of the burial of John the Baptist, of Jesus, of Ananias, of Dorcas, mentioned in the New Testament, with an an account of a modern funeral, and how vastly superior in every respect is the ancient simplicity!

If the Apostolic College had been compelled to bury James, their Chief Bishop, as men are buried now, it would have compelled St. Paul to make another missionary tour soliciting alms for the Church in Jerusalem.

The burial of our Lord is described in the Scriptures as a costly one. He made His grave with the rich, and was embalmed with frankincense and myrrh. And yet, it was so simple and inexpensive that a few poor women accomplished it between 3 o'clock and 6 o'clock in the afternoon.

The first reform, then, which is needed is in the matter of expense.

Funerals cost too much. Few people know how much they do cost. But it is a fact that it takes $50 to buy the lowest-priced coffin which is furnished. No one is willing to have a plain pine box for his friend, and he won't find anything else, less than $50. From that price he can go up to almost anything he wants—one, two, four, six hundred dollars. Now, a rich man can pay $100 for a coffin without any trouble, perhaps, but consider it when it is the the case of a man getting a salary, say of $1,200 a year. It takes a month's steady labor to pay for that one item alone. Then there are the carriages for the family, and for the friends who show their sympathy by going to the cemetery. One, two, three, ten, fifty carriages must be paid for, besides the hearse. Then there is the expense of the grave and digging it, the expense for personal supervision of the undertaker, the gloves and crape, the flowers, the suits of mourning and the tombstone. Thank God, it has not gone so far yet as to add a minister's fee to this long list of items. It is an appalling thing that we cannot bury a friend without this great expense. And it troubles

one even amid the solemn moments of the service, to think how long the embarrassments of the day's outlay will be felt. I have had to conduct funerals in stately houses, where the master has died and must be buried in accordance with the way in which he lived. So there were the magnificent casket, whose cost would support a family for a year; the rare flowers, filling every vase and standing in emblems everywhere; the street filled with hired carriages; the mourning friends, clothed in elegant and expensive dresses, and the rooms filled with friends who knew perfectly well that when the will was opened and the estate inventoried, it would be found there was not enough to pay the cost. Ask the undertakers, and they will tell you that they hold long-unpaid accounts against honest families, who have to scrimp and save for months and years to pay the useless expenses of a fashionable funeral. Ask them again, and they will tell you they have to execute lavish orders by persons who they feel certain can never pay the cost of them, and never do pay it. It makes men dishonest over the very grave of the one they love, because they must bury him decently and have no means to do it. A poor man died in the city without a dollar; his wife, a good,

pious, Christian woman, represented the case to me that she had to assume the obligation and sign a paper binding herself to pay the cost of his funeral. The cost was $45. She had worked month after month sewing as she could, and feeding and supporting three children, and still owed much of it. Here is where this system is so bad—here is where it grinds and touches the nerves. It is the poor people who are compelled to follow the ways of the rich, and cannot bury their dead without being beggars or insolvent debtors, who most piteously ask for relief. I am well aware of the answer that will be made. If a man is able, may he not bury his dead with as much expense as he chooses? May his affection not provide everything that tells of the loss he deplores? Go out into Spring Grove and hear the question answered. While the casket is lowered into the earth where it must decay whether it be metal or wood, there passes another funeral. The two graves are open, and that place which really obliterates all human distinctions between rich and poor when dead, most strongly emphasizes those distinctions when living.

The eye that looks upon human interests sees what? Two bodies asleep side by side, one in satin

and rosewood and the other in plain deal board; that in the silent city, and in the busy, living city, he sees the two families that are left, and one of them starving for food which the decaying rosewood might have given for months. While there are so many poor, let men show their love for the dead by spending money for them on those who live and feel. "Would you honor the dead," asked Chrysostom, "give alms." In the early days of Christianity, although the Church followed the heathen nations in using coffins, rather than the Jews, who used none, yet the expense was small. The exceptions to this rule were severely rebuked, and not allowed to grow into precedents. Constantine had a coffin covered with gold and an imperial purple pall. When the daughter of Paula was buried in the same extravagant manner, the powerful voice of Jerome rose in disgusted censure. I seem to hear Christ crying from heaven, "I own not this covering; this ornament is the ornament of strangers." Instead of this useless expenditure, this burial of wealth, there grew up the custom of distributing alms to the poor, after the funeral, and on each anniversary of it. "If they were to commemorate a child or brother that was dead," says Chry-

sostom again, "they were pricked in conscience if they did not fulfil the custom and call the poor and feed them." This is a far higher memorial of the dead than all the ornaments on a perishing coffin. But irrespective of this alternative use of the same money, it is certain that there must be a reform in the expense of burials, and this is the first item in this indictment of a bad custom.

2. Again, in the matter of mourning there must come a reform born of the good sense of the people. The deep and silent anguish that every funeral causes in some heart is a personal and sacred feeling. Christianity recognizes the weakness of human sensibilities, and enjoins and sympathizes with the deep sorrow of a severed and bleeding life. And of that sorrow, in all ages, there has been some external symbol. In the earliest days, the rending of the clothes and the mourning sackcloth were the symbol. But if any one asks how the modern custom of mourning has grown up, he will find it one of the most cheerless of all habits. It is strange that the nations whose pure faith best illuminates the future, are the ones that bear the saddest and most desolate symbols of death. There is nothing in the nature of black crape that makes

it a funeral emblem, or an expression of resigned Christian hope and patience. We have taken the mourning color of the old Roman Empire, but even there the women wore white for mourning. In Turkey, the color is violet; in China, white; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown. And it ought to be borne in mind, too, that the original idea and common sense view of mourning, was that it should be only worn for a few days. The royal courts keep the original custom when they go into mourning for thirty days or some period for a prince of the blood. The Jews mourned seven days, and then laid aside the external emblem. The Greeks mourned thirty days. Mourning habits came into use early in the Church, and were not censured or encouraged by the great bishops. Jerome commends Julian, a rich Roman, because he wore mourning but forty days after he had lost wife and two daughters. Cyprian preached bitterly against those who by their constant garb seemed to lament deceased friends, as though they were *extinct.* Chrysostom, speaking of the same people, says: "Men say, Are these the men who talk so finely about the resurrection? Yes, indeed. But their actions do not agree with their words, for while they profess in their doc-

trine, belief in the resurrection, in their deeds they act more like men who despair of it. If they were really sure their dead were gone to a better life they would not do so. Therefore," says Chrysostom, "let us not so mourn for them." Our present habits of mourning do not show forth our faith. I do not doubt in many cases it would be very painful to the stricken person to appear again in bright colors, but this is the result of mistaken, general education. It is not based upon the wider truth that our business here is not to perpetuate sorrow and gloom, but to make our light shine among men, to be cheerful and inspiring, to seek society and make evident to men that true religion drives out fear and gloom and hopeless sorrow. The Chinese have a custom of closing up the room in which death takes place. Room after room is sealed up till the entire house is deserted. I am in hopes the time will come when we can so far triumph over our personal feelings as to relieve society from the funeral colors which custom has made obligatory, and to preserve the memory of our dear ones in our secret life.

3. There are many little things which are customary now, which are not reasonable, and ought to be changed in the *methods* of con-

ducting funerals. As a matter of general convenience all funerals ought to be from the church. There, all are alike. Those who have small houses and those who have large ones come alike into the house of God, and the solemn service is especially solemn when font and coffin stand together. It brings men into church under the most favorable circumstances for impressing truth upon them.

Out of all the different businesses of life men are compelled to step aside for a moment into the silence of the church to hear its office for the dead, and in many cases that impression of religious fervor and beauty is the first and most enduring in the life. But then let it be the public office, let it not be the place for display of private emotions and relationships. The curiosity which too often seizes a great multitude, to look upon the features of the dead in the house of God, desecrates it as well as humanity, which is a temple for finer instincts and feelings. The coffin should never be opened there, and there ought never in any audience to be heard that common invitation to come forward and look at the features. The family alone, and by themselves, should take their last farewell, and upon that scene, the most sacred and least con-

ventional in all our lives, there should be no lookers-on. Many a time during the war I have seen mother and son left alone while she bid him farewell as he went away where death was raging. The fine sensibilities of humanity taught rough men that they should not be spectators of that scene. Much more would it seem proper that the final farewell between the living and the dead should be a sacred and confidential matter between them alone. And it is only a prolongation of the same thought which demands private burials. By the riven earth in which the body is to lie, there should stand the family and friends only. In country and villages, where the procession can move from church to cemetery on foot, carrying the bier with them on willing shoulders, it is beautiful to see the sympathy of many friends. But in the cities, where men are compelled to carry the dead so far, everything is favorable to the public service in the church and the private interment later. It is a custom which I am glad to see is growing.

As to the funeral discourse, as an Episcopal clergyman I perhaps should not speak so long, as it has been an immemorial custom with us to leave the event to preach its own sermon. But

I am glad to see that the custom of funeral discourses is gradually going out, as the Episcopal burial office is gradually coming into general use.

After one has read the sublime chapter by St. Paul, there is not much left to say upon the hope of immortality, and after the anthems, there is not much can be said to deepen the impression of the shortness and uncertainty of human life. No composition of man requires so many gifts as a funeral discourse, and if it be not very good, it is exceedingly bad. I have heard many of these discourses, and, at the urgent request of the family, have made some, but of them all I never heard or made one that did not partially destroy the sublimer effect of the sermon preached by the prayer-book, and by the awful sincerity of the coffin.

I have spoken upon this subject to-day because my experience teaches me it is one of great importance and must be considered. I do not expect to see a change made at once, but I ask you to consider what I have said, whether it be not reasonable, and whether we may not well strive to impress it upon society.

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